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ROUND THE
SMOKING ROOM FIRE

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THE AUTHOR

From a painting by Le Chevalier L. Pastine

[Frontispiece]

ROUND THE SMOKING ROOM FIRE

A Collection of
Sporting Adventures and Yarns

By

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Author of Big Game Shooting in Alaska, etc.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I HAVE tried to make this book a little different from the ordinary type of sporting yarns in so far as the events described are nearly all those in which I have been personally concerned in one way or another. In doing this, however, it has been difficult to avoid making the work somewhat egotistical. I plead guilty to the fact that many of the tales are of a decidedly racy nature, and, although most of them happened in the palmy days of the Victorian and Edwardian periods, this book would probably have been hidden away if perchance it had found its way into a drawing-room of those days. At the request of my publisher I have toned down the original wording of a few of the yarns, in order to modify the blushes of any old-fashioned people who may still indulge in that habit. As to our present gay young people, I think that it would take more than any book such as this to excite even a single blush. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis":

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changed or unchanged, elders or youngers, readers will, I hope, blushing or not, find something to amuse them.

I have also endeavoured, by means of taking incidents from sundry and distant lands, to make this small work interesting for readers even outside the far-flung frontiers of the British Dominions. I need scarcely say that a long and varied career in many lands has furnished me with a fund of sporting tales and episodes which I hope will afford some amusement to my readers.

C. E. RADCLYFFE.

August 1933.

PREFACE

FROM the sportsman's point of view there is no doubt that I was born thirty or forty years too late, as it was 1873 before I first saw daylight. My father, who was born in 1839, said to me, shortly before his death in 1913, "Mark my words : I have seen the best years of England, and you will never see the like again." I almost believed him at the time, and now I know that verily he spoke the truth. I just saw the tail end of the good times in the Eighties and Nineties of the last century. In those days we heard and knew nothing of Socialism and Class Hatred : the whole community lived on terms of mutual friendship and trust. These things have been shattered, I fear for ever, by socialist agitators, and by the elusive dreams of partially educated masses of people, until they become discontented with "that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them."

Those people who speak with scorn of the good old days, either never saw them, or else

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they knew and cared nothing about sport and good fellowship. They may prefer to live in days when, by the aid of motor-cars and aeroplanes, one can condense into twenty-four hours things which formerly took us many days to do. Or they may prefer to see an age of machinery, which has ousted millions from their old trades and crafts, and filled the great cities of the world with unemployed. But I for one still say : " Give me back those good old days."

In recent years we have had a plethora of books on personal memoirs, and books on comic yarns, etc. But, on reading several of the latter, I found them mostly composed of " good old chestnuts," collected from old papers and books, etc.

So in this work I have tried to compile a record of things that I have personally seen and heard as a sportsman, a soldier, and a traveller in many lands. And although I have actually told most of these things to scores of friends, who may in return have repeated them to others, I hope there are still many to whom these tales may not be chestnuts.

I never claimed to have any literary talent, and in consequence can tell a yarn far better than I can write it. But I have had the advantage of being a great traveller and, in

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looking over my old diaries for the past thirty-five years, I find that there are only four years during that time in which I have not been somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, in quest of adventure or sport.

During those years I have seen something of the three greatest wars in our times, and incidentally have been shipwrecked twice and train-wrecked once : so I have had a chance of sampling certain of the thrills one may expect to meet, if he goes a little off the beaten track.

Many of my friends have often tried to induce me to compile a list of the amusing episodes which from time to time I have remembered and told them. As I never kept any written notes of these things, I have to rely entirely on memory ; but I have tried my best to record everything as I saw or heard it at the time, and hope that this account of some of them may afford my readers some amusement.

My apologies are due to some of those who are still alive, and to whom I have referred without asking their permission to do so. Whatever I may have said of them is without malice intent, and they are only brought in to contribute to the "fun of the fair."

HYDE, WAREHAM

C. E. R.

August 1933

SHOOTING

PROBABLY chief amongst our sports, notable for queer stories and episodes, stands that of shooting, and since from my earliest days I was a constant spectator, and in later years a gun at many of the best shoots in England, my opportunities for hearing and seeing these things have been many and varied.

It was not until 1882 that I was promoted, at the age of nine years, to the use of a single-barrel muzzle-loader, made by the celebrated Joe Manton. And although breech-loaders were in general use by then, my father started me with this gun because he and his father had both commenced to shoot with it, and it had come to be regarded as the family fowling piece for beginners. This gun, which I still possess, is remarkable for the fact that it is an 18 bore—a gauge and size which I never saw before or since those days. Well I remember my joy at bringing down with this gun my first bird on the wing; a fine old blackcock, which birds were then fairly numer-

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ous on our Dorset heaths, but are now, alas ! almost extinct.

Everyone knows the importance of teaching the young idea how to carry a gun safely, but it is difficult to impress such points on a youth. I was once, and only once, cautioned on this point by anyone except my father, and in such a manner that it was never forgotten. One day in a shoot at Lord Alington's place, Crichel, my host's brother, Colonel Napier Sturt, who had been walking behind me, came up, and, touching me on the arm, said : " Boy, I see you are shooting with No. 5 shot to-day." And on my asking how he knew that he said : " Because, since you have been carrying your gun for five minutes with the trigger guard on your shoulder, I have been looking down the barrel all the time." But he added : " If you will only reverse your gun, and carry it with the trigger guard upwards, the tallest man in England would be safe if it went off."

Before being allowed to take part in a shoot, my chief occupation was following behind my father and assisting one of his numerous excellent retrievers to pick up the game. At that time my father owned a very celebrated Labrador dog, named Turk, which he had specially imported from Newfoundland, before

A CUNNING DOG

the days when the so-called Labrador dogs became popular. It was my father's boast that this dog would never lose a wounded bird or animal so long as they did not go to ground.

One day, in a big shoot at Milton Abbey, just as we were going into the keeper's house for lunch, the host, Colonel Hambro, called out to my father, "Here, Charlie, I wish you would bring your dog here. There is a running cock pheasant down which none of our dogs can find." The dog was duly sent into a thick bit of covert and disappeared for some time. After a while my father said : "Let us go in to lunch. I will bet anything the old dog will come back with the bird before long." And sure enough, about ten minutes after we had gone into the house, the head keeper looked in at the door and said to my father : "Your dog brought back the cock pheasant, sir, and I have taken it away from him."

After the usual congratulations, and such remarks as "I told you so," and "The best dog in England," etc., etc., the episode was forgotten for a time. But after lunch my father's loader came to him and said : "Please, sir, the man in charge of the game-cart told me just now that, when he was driving back

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to lunch, old Turk came galloping down the ride behind him, jumped into the back of the cart, took a cock-pheasant, and went off with it." My father replied : " Well, damn it all, I told you the old dog would not come back without something ! "

My father always had a sense of humour and on one occasion, when he was High Sheriff of the county, as he was taking the Judge in his carriage to the Assizes, not being familiar with the rules of procedure, he kept his hat on in the carriage. Whereupon the Judge said to him : " I don't think, Mr. Sheriff, that you are aware of the fact that it is not etiquette for the Sheriff to wear his hat in the carriage with the Judge." He replied, " I beg your pardon, my lord, but the fact is I am so proud of this d——d cocked hat that I don't know what to do with it."

Many years ago he had an excellent footman ; but the man had one very bad habit of always leaving the door open when he went out of the room. Having tried everything he could think of to break the man of this habit, my father had a " brain-wave." My uncle was then living about a mile away and, choosing a day when he knew all the grooms were out, my father rang for the footman,

A USEFUL LESSON

and gave him an urgent note which he wanted him to take at once to my uncle and to wait for an answer. The footman took the note, and, as usual, left the door open behind him.

In the note my father had written to his brother :

“ DEAR FRED,

Please tell the d——d fool who brings you this note to come back, and shut the smoking-room door which he has left open.”

And I believe the footman never forgot to shut the door afterwards.

Most of us have suffered silently from the attentions of a jealous shot ; but it is not often that one's host requests you to give such a man a dose of his own medicine. But on the occasion of a shoot at Ilsington near Dorchester, where the host was the late Colonel Brymer, he came up to me at lunch-time, and asked if the gun on my right had been shooting jealously during the morning. I was bound to say that, not only had the sportsman in question been dropping a great number of birds almost on my head, but he had done likewise to Lord Euston who was the gun on the other side of him. “ Well,” replied our

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host, "Euston and you can both let off your guns quicker than D—— can do. So you can both make it your business to nurse him at the next stand and see he does not get a shot, because I am tired of his jealous shooting."

At the next stand, therefore, Euston and I faithfully carried out orders until, after receiving three or four birds from either side almost on his head, the astonished sportsman shouted to me: "Hi! I say that was my bird!" My only reply, as I dropped another brace as near as I could to him, was: "Yes, I know it. There are two more to make up for some of ours you shot this morning."

At this same shoot we heard the following conversation between two beaters, which is typical of the humour of a Dorset yokel. When nearing the line of guns at the end of a thick fir plantation, one beater shouted: "Mark woodcock!" Upon which his next man said: "That weren't no woodcock, Bill; 'twas a owl." "Was it now? I thought it did vly turrible sleepy too." To which Bill's neighbour retorted: "Well, so'd you vly sleepy, wouldn't 'ee, if you'd been vlying about all night like thic poor bird have?"

On another occasion I heard a Dorset beater, who flushed a woodcock and who apparently

COLONEL BRYMER

was not accustomed to seeing these birds, as he shouted : “ Mark forward, a bird wi’ a great stick in his mouth ! ”

When speaking of Colonel Brymer, it reminds me of a story he once told us. He had just returned from a shoot which he annually attended. In this party was a guest who was a notoriously bad shot. The custom was to start in the morning driving a number of low-lying small coverts, towards some higher woods from which the birds were later driven back, affording good high shots. As it was known that the bad shot would not do much damage even to the low flyers, in the early part of the day he was always sent on ahead to the end of each covert, where he amused himself harmlessly in blazing away at everything, whilst the other guns were walking up in line with the beaters.

But on the occasion of the last shoot, on nearing the end of the first covert, the host and his other friends, who could hear the duffer blazing away furiously with his two guns as usual, were astonished to see the birds coming down right and left. The host said : “ What on earth has happened to Henry ! He has suddenly learnt to shoot, and there will be d——d few birds left when we get to

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the high woods if this goes on." On arrival at the end of the wood, they found the ground covered with birds ; whilst the duffer, with his coat off, was furiously loading for his loader, who happened to be a first-class shot engaged specially for the occasion. And Henry cheerily greeted the rest of the party by shouting at them : " D——n you fellows ! You have had the laugh on me often enough. I've got a bit of my own back now."

Here is an episode told me shortly after the event by Captain Granville, who was then Chief Constable of Dorset. One of the Grand Dukes of Russia, who was a notoriously dangerous shot, was invited to Lord Wolverton's place, Iwerne. It was long before the terrible revolution which has ruined Russia, and in those days the English police were on the look-out to prevent anarchists killing Russian royalties in England. In consequence Granville was instructed to make himself responsible for the Grand Duke's safety at Iwerne. This entailed his being present on the day of the shoot, and personally keeping the Duke under observation.

For a long while he managed to preserve a whole skin by judiciously placing a tree between himself and the august personage. But

little did Granville suspect that one of the Duke's staff, who was shooting, suffered from the same complaint as his master. Whilst Granville was keeping a careful eye on Royalty from behind a big tree in the park, the Russian courtier elected to shoot at a hare passing between him and Granville; with the result that the latter was unable to sit down without pain and grief for several days afterwards.

Many of us have taken part in those big shoots where it is the custom to have a keeper come down the line, and tally up the bag made by each gun at every stand. It has the merit of doing away with that awkward question from one's host, *re* how many birds did you each get at the last drive, etc.? When this happens, I generally try to be the last one to reply, and sometimes find I am then minus a certain number of birds. However, I recollect a week's grouse-driving at Stanhope Castle in Durham, where a fairly accurate tally was taken by the keepers at the end of the drives.

One member of our party was my old friend the late Lord Portarlington, always known to his pals by the nickname of Dasher Damer. He was by no means a bad game shot, on his day, and, on the morning of our biggest day's

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driving, feeling I suppose that it was one of his days, he challenged me for a fiver, backing himself to kill more grouse in the day than I did. Thinking I was in for a good thing, I took the bet. As ill luck would have it we drove all day with a strong cross-wind ; and my fate was to draw No. 1 butt at the windward end of the line. As we only moved up one butt at a time, with a party of seven or eight guns, it was a long time before I got to the leeward end of the line : in fact it was not until the last drive at night that I found myself in the last butt at the right end. Before this drive started the Dasher was heading me by a score of something like fifteen or sixteen brace to the good, and my prospects of losing seemed certain. However, a bet is never won until it is lost, and so it proved in this case. Now to explain what actually happened.

We must picture the position of the butt. This was just below the ridge of a deep gully, which ran at right angles to the line of butts and, being the last one in the line, it was quite out of sight from all the other butts on the level ground on my left flank. Along the bottom of the gully, at about twenty yards distant from me, ran a high wire sheep fence, at right angles to the line of butts. I started

‘ ‘ BROWNING THE LOT ’ ’

well by getting more shooting than anyone else, because the grouse were naturally hanging down-wind ; many of them taking advantage of the lee in the gully, as the wind was blowing half a gale. As this was the last drive of the day, a great lot of grouse had congregated on the ground. Suddenly I saw, coming towards the two next guns, the largest pack of grouse I have ever seen on the wing. One of these guns was a well-known American railroad magnate, and he must have suffered from a momentary fit of what in his own country they call buck fever. For, on seeing this huge mass of grouse approaching, he stood up in full view of them, and discharged four barrels at the leading birds. The result was that the whole main body of the pack swerved sharply down-wind, and came sweeping across my front in a solid mass, making for the shelter of my gully. In the confusion of birds twisting and turning in the wind, most of them below the level of my butt as they swept down the gully, it was impossible to pick birds. I plead guilty to browning the lot with my first gun. This had the result of making the main body of the pack swerve once more away from me and across the gully. But many of them were carried so fast with the wind, in

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their downward sweep into the small valley, that they crashed into the wire sheep fence before having time to see it. Never shall I forget the sight of winged, stunned and dead grouse, tumbling about on the ground within twenty or thirty yards of my butt. First the broken-winged ones began to run, and then the stunned ones began to recover and get on the wing again. What with one and the other I kept my man pretty busy with the second gun for several minutes whilst polishing off the cripples ; and, as he was one of the quickest loaders in England, we got through a useful number of cartridges in the time.

Needless to remark that my pick-up was easily the record for the day, and I believe for the moor. Curiously enough the only eyewitness of what actually happened, except myself and my man, was a solitary flanker of the drivers ; and a few kind words afterwards from my servant induced that worthy individual to hold his tongue for the rest of the day.

What the actual pick-up from my butt was I do not know, as when we departed for home keepers were still picking up runners in that valley of death. I only know that it cost Portarlington a fiver, and I honestly believe I

won that without the help of the wire fence. But what puzzled my two next guns was that they could not see many of the grouse coming which I kept shooting at. This, I explained to them, was because the birds were following the deep gully below their line of vision, etc., etc. : and I got away with it.

Here is another yarn in connection with these tallies at drives, which is told about one of England's best-known sportsmen. He is not, however, one of our crack shots, and hates to be the bottom dog at any sport. Consequently when once he found himself entertaining a party of crack shots on the moors, he did not like being always the bottom of the list in the tally. By way of making a better showing at the first big drive after lunch, his loader had been instructed to fill his pockets with birds from the game-cart, and with these the ground around his butt was cunningly salted during the drive.

On the completion of the drive the keepers were told that there was quite a respectable pick up to be made. One keen and intelligent young keeper, after gathering a number of birds and not being in the know, came up to his master and said : " Beg pardon, my lord, but it's an extraordinary thing several of

these birds I have gathered are stone cold." The prompt reply was : " Cold ! Of course they are cold, you d——d fool. Don't you know I always shoot with chilled shot ! "

Episodes in the big house parties for shooting during the latter part of the last century were often most amusing, and here are some I remember.

The late Sir John Kelk, when he lived at Tedworth House, used to entertain on a large scale, and many a fine shoot I have seen there. Johnny Kelk was a bachelor and, probably in consequence, was a bit fussy about the way his house was run ; and above all he hated noises to be heard from the servants' quarters.

One evening after dinner, when we were all assembled in the billiard-room, suddenly loud shouts and singing were heard, proceeding apparently from the pantry downstairs. Kelk rang the bell violently, and it was answered by the butler in person. Our host demanded furiously to know what was the cause of this unearthly noise. The butler replied : " I beg pardon, Sir John, but may I speak to you privately." Our host left the room and returned in a few minutes and, going up to a well-known sportsman, said : " Look here, my dear fellow, that valet of yours is dead drunk

in the pantry, and I can't stand this kind of thing in my house." "All right, Johnny ; I will speak to him in the morning," was the reply : and, as the noise had ceased, nothing more was done then.

But the following evening, almost at the same hour, a worse pandemonium broke out in the pantry. This was more than Kelk could stand, and off he went in a towering rage to the pantry, where he found the offender sitting on a table, waving a glass in one hand and singing ribald songs at the top of his voice. Going up to him Kelk said : "Get off that table, and get out of the house, you drunken brute ! If I was your master I would sack you on the spot." At which the merry one roared with laughter and said : "What ! My bloke sack me ! 'Gor Blimey, he darn't do it ! I know enough to 'ang 'im." Now although his only indiscretions were due to his over-fondness for the fair sex, this story was told against our friend until the day of his death, which occurred in a terrible railway accident not many years ago ; and a remarkable thing was that his valet was also killed at the same time.

Here is one more incident from those cheery days at Tedworth, in which the two principals

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of the last episode also figure. Kelk was very particular about his cellar, and even went so far as to fill personally his guests' flasks in the morning, before starting out shooting. One morning, on nearing the rendezvous, our host turned to us and said : " By Jove, you fellows, I am awfully sorry I forgot to fill your flasks this morning." Now personally I never carried a flask out shooting, and such was the case with five out of the seven guns present. Naturally this statement caused a sensation, since five or six flasks had been given to the butler each morning, and had been regularly filled by Kelk himself with his best liqueurs. It did not make matters any better when he was assured that doubtless our valets had greatly appreciated this pretty bit of attention on his part.

The late Lady Meux used to entertain shooting parties at Theobalds Park on a lavish scale, and she was constantly springing surprise entertainments on her guests ; and for many years I formed one of her regular guests. One evening at dinner she quietly informed me that she had arranged an after-dinner boxing contest between our old friend Sir Claude de Crespigny and myself. Now although I knew Sir Claude to be one of the most gallant

sportsmen in England, the proposed match hardly seemed fair to me. First because I had the advantage of being twenty-six years younger than my opponent, and secondly because at that time I had been winning a good many amateur contests, and was more or less in perfect condition and training. Therefore I suggested that we should look for a more suitable opponent as regards age, etc., for Sir Claude. Finally she detailed her butler, who was a big powerful man with some knowledge of the gloves, to tackle the gallant baronet.

Now it is not easy to get up from a good dinner and go straight into the ring, particularly when you are giving away about four stone in weight to a man who has not just dined. But, nothing daunted, Sir Claude stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and polished off the hefty butler in two rounds.

A remarkable trait of Lady Meux's character was her great generosity, and a habit of always giving a handsome present to her guests on the occasion of their first visit to Theobalds. On my first visit there she took me round her thoroughbred horses, and, as at that time she had a future Derby winner and several other big winners in her paddocks, I inspected some very fine animals. Amongst

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others I took a particular fancy to a handsome two-year-old colt. On learning that I liked the look of this colt, Lady Meux merely said : "Well, I think he is too small to win a big race, but I know what to do with him now." Nothing more was said at the time, but a few days later, after I had returned home, my groom announced that a horse had arrived at the station, addressed to me. This turned out to be the colt which I had admired, and a message accompanied him, to say that if he was too small for racing he might make me a good charger. And in that capacity I used him for many years afterwards.

At that time Sir Henry Meux had some of the best and most extensive shootings in England and Scotland, and for many years I took part in helping to make some enormous bags there. Looking at my old game books, I see that in the winter of 1895-6 we shot for a fortnight with Meux at Dauntsey House, West Woods, at Marlborough, Wootton Bassett, finishing up with Christmas week at Theobalds Park. And on seven days in that time we made a bag of 8,094 head, or an average of 1,157 head per day. But in the previous season of 1894 we did even better, as in three days at Theobalds Park we shot 4,437 head,

an average of 1,479 head per day. And, alas, of the men who took part in those good shoots, I think only Arthur Kemp and I survive to-day.

Probably most of us have had some experiences with excise officers raiding a shooting party, and demanding to see our game licences, etc. One of the most amusing cases of this happened to me in the following way. Standing, with a gun under my arm, one day alone on the high road in a wild part of Caithness, many miles from my own place in that sporting county, I was suddenly accosted by a man who dismounted from his motor-cycle and said: "May I ask if you have a gun licence?" To which I replied: "May I ask who you are?" "Oh," said the questioner, "I am the local excise officer." I then remarked: "Perhaps you are, but I don't know you from Adam, and I should like to see some authority that you are who you claim to be."

The indignant reply was: "Everyone round here knows me, but I have no authority, etc., to show you." To this I retorted: "My dear sir, everyone around here does not know you, as I for one never saw you in my life, and my firm impression is that you are an impostor. But if it will interest you to know it, I have shot for over thirty years, and I have

never had a gun licence in my life." At this he became greatly excited and said : " Will you give me your name and address ? " " Certainly not," I replied. " Why should I give my name and address to every unknown person on the road who has the impertinence to ask for it? But," I added, " if you like to return to your home and then bring me some evidence of your being an excise officer, you will still find me near this spot, as I am spending the day here." He at once proceeded to mount his cycle, and when he was just moving off I said : " Hi ! stop a minute ! I think you have learnt one lesson, and now I am going to give you another one. What I have told you is all true, but, although I have never had a gun licence, I have had a game licence for over thirty years ; and here is my name and address, which nearly everyone in this county knows." And it was an exceedingly subdued excise officer who had to admit that he also knew my name and address.

And now we come to one or two instances of what we may call best performances. Probably the most remarkable performance I ever saw done was by Harry Meux, when standing outside a covert at my home in Dorset. A very high and fast hen pheasant came over

him, and he fired both barrels of his first gun without touching a feather. Seizing his second gun he turned round, and missed again with his third barrel ; but at the fourth shot he killed the bird stone dead. On picking it up I could find only one pellet in the head ; but how a bird going away at that angle could be hit in the head, I have never yet been able to understand.

Perhaps the best exhibition of clean shooting I have seen was done by that celebrated driven shot, Mr. Fryer. When standing behind a very high belt of beech trees, on the slope of a hill, at a shoot in Wiltshire, with only one gun, he had seven coveys of partridges come very high over the trees and down-wind at a great pace. Fryer fired both barrels at each covey, and we picked up sixteen birds behind him, with not one runner in the lot.

There is a lot of discussion about the killing of four birds out of a covey of partridges, and I have both seen it done, and done it myself, in the early part of the season. But I only remember seeing the double event done once from the same covey. This was on the occasion of a great hare drive on the downs, near Alec Taylor's training grounds at Manton.

SHOOTING

Incidentally we slaughtered over 400 hares in the day, with five guns, which was the largest bag of hares I ever saw made in England—but of course this is nothing to what I have seen in Hungary. We were standing behind hurdle hides, and in the middle of one drive a covey of eight partridges suddenly appeared coming from the right flank, and flying straight down the line of guns.

Lord Granville Gordon was No. 1 gun on the right and I was No. 2. On seeing Granny Gordon the covey divided, four birds passing behind his hide and four in front of it. With his first gun he killed two birds behind his hide; with his second he killed two birds passing in front. The remaining four birds passed me in a similar manner and I killed them all. Thus ended that gallant covey of eight. I well remember No. 3 gun, who I think was Arthur Kemp, shouting out to us: "Dash it all, you fellows, you might have left me one!"

I am often asked these two questions. First, who is the best shot you ever saw? and secondly what do you think is the most difficult kind of shot to kill?

Now, as regards the first question, it all depends on the kind of game which is being

CRACK SHOTS

shot at, as many men specialize in one or more particular kinds of shooting. But, taking high pheasants as one of the leading tests of a good shot, I have no hesitation in saying that, of all the crack shots I have met, the finest and cleanest shot at high pheasants, when at the top of his form, was the Hon. H. (now Sir Harry) Stonor. I remember one memorable day at Crichel, when he and I were placed in a second line behind a high belt of trees. In front of the trees was a high hill, and between the trees and the hill were four or five guns in the front line.

What with the guns shooting in front, and the high trees behind them, the birds were fairly up and going when they reached us below. Although we had a lot of shooting, I don't remember seeing Stonor miss a shot at that stand ; but, better still, when I helped to pick up his birds with my yellow Labrador dog, I never saw one single bird which was a runner.

If I was asked to name the best all-round shot I know, his name is undoubtedly Frank Barker, who is equally good at all kinds of shots ; and I have even known him beat a crack revolver shot with a catapult when shooting at a target.

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Finally as regards the most difficult kind of shot. This, I have always maintained, is the *second* barrel at either a flight of teal, or a flock of golden plover when they are travelling fast down-wind. And this is because the teal always shoot up like a corkscrew, and the plover do exactly the reverse, immediately the first shot is fired, and of the two I award the palm to the plover.

The most difficult pheasants I have seen are at one stand at Lowther Castle. The birds are flushed from the top of a high hill, and have to cross a small valley to lower ground on the other side. If the wind is blowing up or down the valley, as I have generally seen it do, the birds are all dropping with a curling flight, and they take some hitting.

Another difficult performance I once took part in was at Burlingham in Norfolk. Here we stood for some high birds in small boats on a lake, across which the birds were driven. For those who have not tried it, I recommend shooting birds overhead from a boat in a strong wind. If they can make good shooting without losing their balance, and possibly falling into the water, they will have done well.

I have never shot in the celebrated Golden

THE MILTON ABBEY SHOOT

Valley at Warter Priory, but in the days when my father had the shooting at Milton Abbey I have seen scores of birds fly out of shot over the guns, and there are two or three stands in the Milton woods which everyone who shoots there admits cannot be beaten. There is one particular valley in the park there which slopes away down the hillside. Here, although No. 1 gun at the top of the valley gets easy, or not very high birds, the left guns of the line at the bottom of the valley have birds over them of twice or three times the height that they are at the top of the line.

Now the late Sir Everard Hambro who, like all his sons, was a fine shot, used to delight in standing at the top of the valley, and testing the quality of his guests by putting them on the left of the line. One day I found myself the left gun, and next to me was a very fine shot. I had previously warned my neighbour that, on a fine still morning such as it was, the birds would probably be well out of shot over us and, as such proved to be the case, after firing a few shots and only wounding the birds, we let a lot more go over without shooting at them. On which Sir Everard, from the top of the valley, shouted

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in a stentorian voice, saying : “ Shoot away, shoot away, you fellows ! I will pay for your cartridges.”

Many years before this incident, when Milton Abbey was rented by two Dutch sportsmen, the brothers Adolf and Charles Drucker, I happened to win a bet over shooting birds in that identical valley. One of the guns, who knew the shoot well, said he would bet a tenner that no one in the party would stand at the bottom of the valley and kill 50 per cent of the birds he fired at when we shot the next day. I accepted his bet, and sent my servant that night to my home, some fourteen miles away, to bring my pigeon-shooting gun, with some 3-inch cartridges which I had specially loaded with big shot for wild geese and ducks. On arrival at the valley next morning I was placed in the lowest spot and, much to the astonishment of the layer of that bet, I succeeded in winning it easily. But, on looking at my empty cartridges, he raised a protest about the size of them. I could only reply that I backed myself to kill the birds, and no stipulation was made *re* what cartridges or gun should be used. But I did admit that with an ordinary gun I could not have won the bet.

Before leaving the subject of star performers with the gun, I must recount a yarn which my good friend, the late W. A. Horn, used to delight in telling after dinner, on the occasion of his excellent partridge shoots at Old Stoke in Hants. Particularly would he do this when I was present, as he always made out I was one of the guns in the story. Standing in front of his fire, with a thumb stuck in each armhole of his waistcoat, he would say in his quaint humorous style :

“Have any of you fellows ever seen a whole party of these crack shots performing? But if not I have, and will tell you about it. Some years ago I rented a shoot in Norfolk and, as it was close to Gunton, one day my keeper told me that a party of crack shots were going to perform on driven partridges on the beat adjoining my ground. So I decided to walk across and see the first drive.

“On arrival at the first drive we found the guns lined up behind a hedge. My keeper, who knew many of the shooting celebrities, pointed out such men as these.”—Then would follow a list of well-known shots, amongst whom he used to delight in giving my name.

“Now the nearest gun to me was, I think, Lord de Grey,”—and with a sly look in my

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direction he would add : " It does not matter who the next gun was ; but suddenly I heard a whistle blowing, and a covey came over between those two guns. Bang, bang, on the right ; bang, bang, on the left," and, throwing his arms wide open he would add : " and the result was nil." Horn always concluded by saying : " I then turned to my keeper and said : ' I could do as well myself, so let us go home again ' ; and we went."

My usual retort to this story was stereotyped and I used to say : " My friend, I will believe you this time, but you must never tell me such a lie again."

Another very good story which Horn was fond of telling was this. He was riding one day in Australia with Lord Hopetoun, when they came upon one of the local carters with a team of horses and a big wagon stuck in the mud by the roadside. The two riders dismounted and, hitching their horses to a tree, went to the assistance of the driver. After much hauling and pulling round of the wheels, the wagon was got on the firm road again. Whereupon the wagoner went up to Hopetoun and said : " You are two pretty good sort of fellows. What's your name and what's your job ? " " Oh, my name is Hopetoun

and I am Governor-General of Australia." To which he received this retort: "Oh, and a d——d good job too. But take care you don't lose it like I did my last one through drink. Good day!"—and off he went.

As one form of difficult and sporting shots, I should like to recommend a form of killing off the old cock grouse which appeals strongly to me on my Caithness moors. When the corn is cut make a hide, a good hide, with the stocks or sheaves of corn. Then with a 22 rook-rifle select the old cocks as they come in to feed on the stocks. It's most amusing if you register a miss to see how a lot of grouse will stop feeding, and look around to see the cause of the passing bullet and the unfamiliar crack of the little rifle, if the shooter keeps successfully out of sight. Finally, if a clean hit is made, intense interest is displayed by the other grouse on seeing old Willy or George performing revolutions on his back. And it is often not before one or two old cocks have paid the penalty, that a pack of grouse will shift their position to a safer spot in the field or on the moor.

Everyone knows the immense impact of a falling bird, and although I have on two or three occasions knocked my loader over in a

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butt with a driven grouse, and once knocked a lady spectator off her shooting seat with a falling pheasant, I am glad to say that none of them was injured. But years ago, at one of Lord Eldon's fine shoots at Encombe, I saw Mr. Montague Guest kill a hen pheasant which was not a particularly high bird. A beater, who had just come out of the covert, was standing where it fell, and put out his hands to catch it. But he missed the bird with his hand and it fell on his arm, breaking it as if it were a bit of matchwood.

Now here is a tall one but true. Probably no one has ever heard of a hare killing a man, but I have known it happen. Some years ago I was staying with my great friend the late Prince Nicola Ghika, at his magnificent estate of Comomesti in Roumania, for shooting and fishing. Although I did not actually see the episode, Ghika told me soon after what happened.

A Roumanian peasant, who was beating, caught a live hare and, hoping to get away with it, thrust it inside the front of his smock or blouse, and endeavoured to hold it in his arms, so that the keepers should not see what he had got under his clothes. But the hare, lashing out with its hind-legs against the man's

bare skin, tore a great open wound in his stomach, and before he could be got to a doctor, the man was dead.

Although I have done a good deal of big-game shooting I have never shot a lion, but once I nearly did so. Three lively years of my life were spent at an army crammer's at Hampton Court, and on a certain occasion there a fellow-pupil, named Mowbray, and myself were invited to spend two days at a country house near Esher, in order to shoot wood-pigeons. On the evening of our arrival the hostess remarked that a lion was reported to have escaped that day from a travelling menagerie in a neighbouring town. Laughing, we said it would be a fine joke if we met the lion next day when after pigeons. In the morning we noticed scores of pigeons pitching in a high oak tree in the centre of a small wood across the park. Our host said this tree was at a spot where four rides met in the centre of the wood, and that it would be a good place for us to stand for a time. Soon after breakfast we started for the tree, which was less than half a mile from the house.

On reaching the wood we sauntered down a ride, leading to the tree, I being slightly

ahead of Mowbray. I was keeping my eyes aloft on the look-out for pigeons, and finally stopped at the angle where another ride, running at right angles, joined the one along which we had come. On glancing down this other ride, which Mowbray, who was behind, could not see, I was horrified to see, at about fifteen yards away, the biggest lion I had ever seen. He was standing perfectly still in the middle of the ride, and looking straight at me. Here was a problem *re* what it was best to do.

Instantly I saw the beast I said quietly to Mowbray, "Don't make a sound, but just look round the corner here." Thinking I could see some pigeons, I presume, he advanced cautiously and peered down the other ride, and without waiting a second, he said: "My God, it's the lion!"—and in a moment he had dashed behind another big tree near to us. For a moment or two I did not move but, thinking discretion was the better part of valour, I commenced to walk backwards, at the same time saying to Mowbray: "I guess that brute is devilish hungry, and I have only got No. 6 shot in the gun." Mowbray, who refused to leave the protection of his tree-trunk, which was too big to climb, kept looking round the tree. When I had gone

STUFFED LION

several yards backwards down the ride and had lost sight of the beast, I asked Mowbray what the brute was doing, and was told that it was still in the same place. By that time I had almost decided to turn tail and run for the house, but somehow I could not relish the idea of leaving Mowbray alone in the wood.

By this time I began to think there must be something wrong with that lion. And as it still did nothing, I said that I would make a detour in the wood and look at the beast from behind. I made a cautious and silent detour through the underwood, and came out into the other ride about fifty yards behind the lion, which, I observed, was still in the same place. Now as this manœuvre had taken some time, I was certain that any ordinary lion would have moved during that time. I then gave a loud shout to see if it would look round, but nothing happened. I then shouted to Mowbray and said : " I bet you that beast is not alive." Finally, having come within twenty yards and thrown a stone at it with no result, I walked up to the lion, and found it was a magnificent stuffed specimen, which had been given to our host by an African sportsman. The whole comedy was well staged and well acted.

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Fortunately we did not give our hosts the pleasure of seeing us come tearing back across the park as they had expected ; but, as I said to Mowbray, I had a strong inclination to go up and blow a hole in the animal ; and to apologize afterwards to our host by saying we came on the beast so suddenly that I shot it before we saw what it was. It was merely because it was such a fine specimen that we did not do this. Of course we never gave away the true tale of the scene, and I assured our host that we were not deceived for long, because we noticed that the lion did not lash its tail, etc., in the approved style of an angry or hungry lion.

This episode always reminds me of the story of a little girl who, on returning from a view of the Albert Memorial, said to her mother : “ Oh, mummy, I saw a lion in the park to-day.” “ You silly child, you know it was only a stone lion,” said her mother. “ Oh dear no, mummy, it was a real lion.” “ You naughty child, don’t tell me such wicked stories. And when you go to bed to-night, tell God in your prayers that you are sorry for telling your mother a lie.”

Next morning the child said : “ Mummy, I told God what I said to you about the lions in

‘ ‘SHOOT, YOUR HOLINESS’ ’

the park, and He said to me : ‘ Miss Jones, I don’t wonder you were taken in by the stone lions. I have often thought they were real myself.’ ” I believe this yarn appeared many years ago in *Punch*.

Now to conclude my shooting anecdotes, here are three yarns of which I cannot guarantee the accuracy.

Two head keepers were talking one day, and one said to the other : “ Tom, did you ever have a Bishop out shooting, and what is the right way to address one when talking to him ? ” On receiving a negative reply he continued : “ Well, last week we had a Bishop out with us, and I didn’t say much to him for a long while. I knew it was right to call a Duke ‘ Your Grace ’ and an Earl ‘ My lord ’ and a baronet ‘ Sir George ’ ; but that Bishop’s title got me beat.

“ However, I watched him for some time standing outside a covert, and there was a rabbit which kept a-running in and out of the wood in front of him. So I goes up to him and, pointing out the rabbit, said : ‘ Shoot that little b——r, your Holiness,’ and by the way he looked at me, Tom, I knowed that weren’t his right title.”

Next we have the case of a distinguished

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foreigner, who was standing in a covert when the head keeper, directing the line of beaters, shouted out : “ Bear to the right.” At which the foreign sportsman threw his gun on the ground and, shouting “ *Mon Dieu*,” climbed up the nearest tree.

This may be a chestnut, and if so I apologize, and will try not to repeat the offence.

The last yarn concerns the loss of a favourite talking parrot, which escaped from a house in Yorkshire during a shooting party. Nothing was heard of it for several days when, during a drive on the moors, a dense pack of grouse came over the guns, and suddenly a voice was heard, coming from the centre of the pack, and saying : “ Hi, stop pushing, you fellows, stop pushing ! ” History does not relate if the parrot was added to the bag.

FISHING

FISHING furnishes a fertile field for tales of fact and fiction. This I think is a suitable sentence with which to introduce one of our classic sports, even if there is a redundancy of the letter "f" in it. I suppose most disciples of Izaak Walton started their early career with angling for minnows and sticklebacks, and probably we were keener then on landing a monster than we are to-day as dry fly enthusiasts. Did we, or did we not, exaggerate the sizes of our lost minnows? Probably we did, but personally I cannot remember these things now.

My earliest recollection of trout fishing was in a stream at home, which flowed past the back of the kennels where my grandfather kept his hounds. The old man used to throw bits of meat to a number of great fat trout which always lay in the same spot, and which quite naturally had not only attained a considerable weight, but were also exceedingly tame. On gala occasions I was allowed to fish for these

monsters with a bent pin fixed to a string on a stick. Needless to say it was not long before I surreptitiously obtained a decent hook and, when my grandfather was not looking on, I managed to pull out my first trout: and no doubt this was the commencement of my career as a fisherman. Since those days I have fished in every country of the world where salmon are known to exist, with the exception of Spitzbergen and the Antipodes.

My first day, as a boy, with a salmon rod, I shall always remember. It was on the Dorset river Frome, where I had been given a day by the kindness of Mr. Montague Guest. The Frome at that time was practically unknown as a salmon river, and fish were few and far between. In later years for many seasons I rented practically the whole of the salmon water, and it then became the best salmon fly river in the South of England. Alas in these days of fishing syndicates, and absurd rents for salmon fishings, the glories of the Frome as a sporting river are memories only. To-day it resembles a gathering of bait-casters engaged in a contest, standing at short distances apart and hurling every form of lure from either bank: with the result that the few fish which are lucky enough to escape

A JEALOUS FISHERMAN

being pricked are not likely to be free risers to a fly.

Personally I have always maintained that a salmon is a gentleman, and should only be killed in a gentlemanly manner on a fly. But to return to my first day. Accompanied by a groom, who knew even less than I did about salmon or a gaff, I started early one April morning. My first experience was to see an exceedingly jealous old fisherman, accompanied by the water bailiff, on the opposite bank. No sooner did the former catch sight of me than he rushed down to what I had been told was the best pool on the river, and proceeded to fish it hard. It afterwards transpired that he had seen a clean fish there on the previous evening. Obtaining no result from his efforts, the jealous old gentleman made tracks for the next best pool, some quarter of a mile lower down. Having given the other pool a good rest I proceeded to fish it, and almost immediately rose and hooked a fish, which after a considerable tussle we landed and killed, much to my pride and satisfaction.

The old sportsman, who had been watching us with field-glasses from a distance, then sent the water bailiff back to inquire what sized fish I had caught. I held up the fish for him

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to see when he said : " Lord, sir, you have killed a kelt ! But never mind. Bury it and say nothing about it. Old Mr. F. down below is madder than a wet hen, and he thinks you caught a big clean fish we saw there last night. I will go back and tell him you have got a 30-pounder ; and it would serve the jealous old man right if you had." This little episode cost me 5s. to ensure silence on the part of the bailiff in future.

But our day was by no means over. For a long time we saw and moved nothing more, so, on arrival at a tempting-looking spot, I sat down on the bank to lunch, with my feet hanging over the water.

After lunch I decided to try another fly and, knowing nothing about salmon flies, I said to my groom : " Here, Tom, you pick out the fly you like best and I will put it on." Whereupon he chose the gaudiest-looking specimen in my box, which I well remember was a bright yellow fly called " The Mystery." Having tied on this fly I dangled it in the water, just below where I was still sitting on the bank. In a moment a huge fish swirled up close to my feet, and I distinctly saw him swallow the fly and go down with it.

Jumping to my feet, I was not long in doubt

MY FIRST SALMON

as to whether this was a clean fish or not, as, before I could get going, the fish had run out 60 or 70 yards of line, and hurled itself high out of the water. Several times this performance was repeated and, as it was a fish of well over 30 lbs. weight, it was nearly an hour before, with my light rod, I could begin to get on terms with it. The closing scenes were tragic, for my groom, who was now madly excited, made several wild and fruitless efforts to gaff it, until finally, in an expiring effort, the fish made one last dash, and went off with the gaff entangled in the cast, and the whole bag of tricks becoming wound up in a patch of weeds, the cast broken, and my first clean fish departed.

I was too heart-broken and disgusted to do any more fishing that day, so we packed up and made for home. But it was not many days later that I did kill my first clean fish of 33 lbs. nearly in the same spot. And several years later I killed a fish of 41 lbs. in exactly the same spot: and as this fish was foul hooked in the dorsal fin needless to remark he gave me some fun.

In the year 1902 a very fine old sportsman, Mr. W. Spiller, who was a great shooting man, shared the Lulworth Castle shootings

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with my father. One day in spring he said to me : " Do you know I have never seen a salmon caught? May I come and see you fishing on the Frome? " Needless to remark he duly came to the river, and fortunately I was able to hook and kill a clean fish before he had been there very long. Spiller was intensely excited at this episode and said : " Do you think I could catch one myself? " I said : " You can at least try." So handing him in fear and trepidation my favourite rod, and doing my best to make him cast a fly, we tried the next pool.

A remarkable thing about the Frome in those days was that the fish were all big ones, and when once I caught a small fish of 12 lbs. the old water bailiff asked me what kind of fish it was. On being told it was quite a nice salmon on some rivers he said : " Well, I have been here nearly thirty years and never saw a salmon as small as that." As an example of the size of fish in those days, my fishing book shows that the first eleven fish I killed on a fly in one season averaged just over 30 lbs. in weight, which I fancy must be a record for any British river.

But to return to Spiller. He certainly had the beginner's luck, for in the very first pool

SPILLER'S FIRST SALMON

he rose and hooked a very big fish. It was all so sudden that I had not time to rush up and give him advice how to play it; and before I could do this the fish jumped two or three times on about fifteen or twenty yards of line, which Spiller was grimly holding as tight as he could with both hands round the rod and line. In vain I shouted: "Give him line!"—but it was all over in less than a minute, and away went 30 lbs. of salmon, with half a new gut cast and one of my largest Jock Scott flies. When it was all over, Spiller, who was shaking with excitement, said: "Well, it was all my fault, but do you think I can hook another one?" Now although I would have laid 20 to 1 against it, once again I could only repeat: "You can but try."

Nothing daunted and more hopeful than I was that he would hook two fish on his first day, Spiller started at the next pool. To my intense astonishment he was soon fast in another fish, and this time by shouting instructions to him, after a sharp and fierce struggle, I was enabled to gaff a beautiful fresh run fish of 28 lbs. Putting the rod on the ground, Spiller then said: "Well, my friend, I am seventy-three years old, and what I have missed all my life by not being a fisherman

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I never knew till now. However, it is never too late to mend, and as you are going out to Norway next month, if you will have me as a partner I'm going with you." And so we settled it then and there.

At that time I had a beat on the Namsen, and also another beat on the Orkla River in Norway. But after a few days on the former, and having caught several fish, Spiller asked me if it was true that I was giving up my Namsen beat, as I did not care for harling which was the principal mode of fishing there. On my replying in the affirmative he said : " Then will you take a ten-years' lease of this beat for me." Naturally his friends and I thought he was rather an optimist to take a ten-years' lease of a beat at seventy-three years of age. Not only did he take it and live to enjoy those next ten years but, when that period expired, he again renewed his lease for another long period, and lived to fish it until he was eighty-six. On many occasions during that time when he fished on other rivers such as the Orkla and Gula, the dear old man said that he had to thank me for putting ten years on to his life ; as he would never have lived so long if he had not become a fisherman at seventy-three years of age.

BIG FISH FROM THE NAMSEN

Speaking of the Namsen reminds me of a very curious coincidence which happened on the beat, which I had for several years. It has always been my ambition to kill a 50-lb. salmon in Europe, but I have never yet succeeded in doing it. One season my wife, who was with me in Norway, wanted to use one of my favourite rods, and on the first day out with it, and on the second day she ever used a rod, it was reported to me that she was playing a very big fish, and had been towed down-stream some two miles below my water. I arrived on the scene when the fun was over and, on looking into her boat I saw the finest fish I had ever seen killed on a rod. On reaching home some hours later this fish scaled $53\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ; and, on seeing this, all its lucky captor remarked was : "What a pity it was not 60 lbs."

The following season a cousin of mine, Atherton Park, having broken one of his rods, borrowed my same rod, and with it proceeded to fish the pool, known as Christians Pool, which had produced the big fish a year before. He returned bringing in his boat a grand fish which scaled exactly 53 lbs.

After this I decided to fish Christians Pool myself in future, and to use the lucky rod.

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But in my case it was a failure. Now a remarkable sequence to the above was that, during the next season, Miss E. Spiller, who was staying with us in Norway, fished the celebrated Christians Pool, and for the third year in succession this pool yielded another fish of just over 53 lbs., which fell to the rod of this lady. After this I renamed that pool and called it the Fifty Pounders Pool.

The first season I fished that fine river the Orkla, we were on the beat of Dragseth, which was then rented by Sir Lionel Smith Gordon ; and he was responsible for the following episode. One day he hooked a fish in a fast pool about the middle of our water. The fish made off at a great pace down-stream, and continued its mad course without showing itself once. Sir Lionel, who was fishing from a boat, followed the fish with nearly all the line off his reel for a distance of over two miles, and on to the adjoining beat. Finally, without ever showing once, the fish ran out all the line, and broke the cast.

Now the description of this Homeric contest lasted for several days, and the estimated size of the largest fish he had ever hooked grew as time went on. But on the third day afterwards a man came up from the nets at the

mouth of the river, bringing with him a fish with Sir Lionel's broken cast and his fly firmly embedded in its tail. The weight of the fish was 9 lbs. and so a good story was spoilt.

About the same time as this happened the Hon. F. Lascelles, who was a regular member of the parties at Dragseth and a very fine fisherman, made a bet that he would fish and catch a salmon with a tom-tit. And sure enough he shot a blue tit, skinned it and, mounting the skin on his largest fly hook, actually killed a fish with this weird lure.

In 1908 I took over from Sir Henry Seton-Karr his lease of Forsjord on the Vefsen, which was in those days one of the best beats in Norway. Later on I handed over the lease to that great sportsman Major James Grant of Glengrant, Rothes, and fished the river with him. Another member of our party on this occasion was Sir John Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch, and with him he had brought his Highland piper.

Very early on our first morning at Forsjord I was roused by a terrific skirl on the pipes. And on looking out of the window I beheld the strange sight of a piper patrolling beneath the window of a Norwegian farm ; blowing

his hardest to wake his master in the room above. But these weird noises were more than the Norwegian farm-children could stand, and they began to run hither and thither to take cover. At which another of our party, Captain Stracey, who was also looking out of his window, shouted to me, saying: "Ye gods, look at the aborigines taking to the hills!" The piper also acted as gillie for his master, and a few days later I witnessed an amusing scene between them.

There is at Forsjord an enormous foss pool, which at times holds more fish than I have ever seen in any other salmon pool in Europe. On a particular warm day, when Sir John had been fishing for some time and had landed a number of fish from the foss pool, he decided to take a rest and sat down on a big rock at the tail of the pool. What with the warmth of the sun, assisted by numerous drams of his native land spirits, it was not long before he was fast asleep and snoring loudly. I happened to be sitting on the river bank a few yards distant, and was watching the gillie with his master's rod, dangling the fly in a run below the rock. Suddenly a big fish dashed at the fly and went off at a terrific speed, with the reel screaming loudly. The gillie, taking a

step nearer to his master, shouted in his ear :
 “ Wake up, Sir John ! I have hooked a grand
 feesh.” Upon which the latter, rolling over
 and rubbing his eyes, said : “ What do you
 say, man ? Breakfast time ? ”

On another occasion at Forsjord a party of
 my American friends arrived with Ledyard
 Blair, the Vice-Commodore of the New York
 Yacht Club, who anchored his magnificent
 steam yacht at the mouth of the river ; and
 we were invaded by two launch-loads of
 American men and ladies, all keen on either
 killing or seeing a salmon caught. Glengrant
 undertook to gillie a charming lady, Mrs.
 Louis Boissevain, and it was not long before
 she hooked a good fish when harling in the
 foss pool. The mode of procedure was to land
 and bring a fish to the gaff on shore. The
 landing was safely accomplished, and Glen-
 grant was standing near the water shouting
 instructions to his fair pupil. Suddenly the
 reel began to scream ominously and Glengrant,
 on looking round, saw the point of her rod
 pointing downwards and almost in the water.
 Shouting out : “ Damn it, man, haud up
 your rod ! You’ll lose your feesh ! ” he hurled
 himself at the astonished lady, seizing her and
 the rod in his arms, and forcing the rod into

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a perpendicular position, to the intense amusement of the onlookers. And the story ends well, as he afterwards gaffed that fish.

A part of two seasons I spent trying to catch fish in Ireland, but I must confess that I found the fish, like the people of that country, very hard to get on good terms with. On my first visit I fished the Nore at Mount Juliet, the charming home of the McCalmonts. Fish were there in any number, but neither Sir Edward Stracey, nor his brother, nor myself could induce them to take. My gillie was, I believe, an ex-poacher, named Dunphy, and even he was unable to catch a fish in a week, although he assured me that "if your honour will cross line the divils we shall git one"; but I would not descend to this form of poaching. Nevertheless Dunphy was always optimistic, and here is the record of three days' fishing.

The first day, on arrival at the river, I said to him: "What do you think of it to-day?" "Shure, your honour, the wather is a good colour, and the wind is in a good quarther, but the wather is a bit too high." In the evening our day was blank. The second morning, after my usual question, I was told: "Shure, your honour, the wather is a good height and a

good colour, but the wind is in a bad quarther.” The result was another blank day. On the third morning, which was a perfect fishing day, in reply to my usual query I was greeted with : “ Shure the wind is in a grand quarther, the wather is a grand colour and a grand height, and it’s a grand fishing day entirely, your honour.”

This sounded promising and I started to fish with renewed hope. About 5 p.m., having seen nothing but jumping fish all day, I said : “ Well, Dunphy, what’s wrong with these infernal fish now ? ”—and, looking up in the air, he said : “ Shure, your honour, the crows are flying a bit too low.” My reply was to curse his eyesight, and add that if I could only lay hands on him I would throw him into the river. To which he replied : “ Shure, your honour, ’twas jist such a day as this when her ladyship did the same as your honour and said to me : ‘ Dunphy, me back is broken and me belly is empty. Let’s go home.’ ” And so we did.

My next attempt at fishing in Ireland was in the Blackwater at Ballyhooly, where Herbert Beddington maintained a charming small fishing lodge, and rented a fine stretch of the river. His two gillies were brothers, and both of them

as fine exponents of the art of fly-fishing as you could find on any river in Ireland. Here again I once spent ten days in the best part of the season when, with four rods fishing hard, we never got a fish. Hence I have always maintained that the Irish salmon are no gentlemen, as they won't play the game when expected to do so.

Beddington at that time had a burly great gardener called Ned, who had as a staff under him two diminutive boys. Ned would often accompany me as gillie, and on one of these occasions I noticed that he was very hoarse and could hardly speak from the effects of a bad cold. On asking him the cause of his loss of voice, he replied : " Shure, yr honour, it's hoarse I am entirely with shouting at the other ' men ' to get on with their wurk."

I remember we asked a small Irish farmer there one day if there were many foxes in his neighbourhood. He, doubtless thinking we were hunting men, promptly replied : " Foxes, yr honour ! Shure it's divil a bit can I sleep at night for the foxes a-crunching of my chicken's bones under the window."

On another occasion we were fishing near a cemetery when a man came pushing a hand-cart, on which was something covered with a

tarpaulin. Going up to Stracey he said : "Will your honour be after lending me a spade?" On being told we did not possess such a thing, and on being questioned as to why he needed a spade, we were informed that the sexton or padre of the church demanded too high a fee for burying his father's body which he had on the hand-cart, and in consequence he was going to dig a grave in the cemetery himself.

Now the difference between Irish and Scotch gillies chiefly lies in their different senses of humour. Some years ago I remember a celebrated old gillie on the Thurso River, named Miller, who, without intending to be humorous, was often so at times. He was once acting for several days as gillie to a well-known Scotch baronet, who at that time was writing a book on sport, and was picking the brains of every gillie he met to collect details of the life of a salmon. Whenever a salmon showed itself, or did anything unusual, the question was asked : "Now Miller, why did the fish do that?" After several days of this, and having given his views on scores of puzzling questions, Miller was confronted with a conundrum which he was unable to explain : but without hesitating the old man replied : "Ah

weel, you see, Sir Herbert, we are but babes in knowledge to the ways of a salmon."

One day on Speyside, at Craigellachie, I was resting with my gillie on the bank, and watching a novice trying to perform the Spey cast on the opposite bank. Presently the inevitable happened, and the fisherman flicked off his fly against a rock. Quite oblivious to the fact that his fly was gone, he made two or three more casts which sounded like the crack of a whip. Upon which my gillie shouted to the other gillie, who was some way from his master on the opposite bank: "Hey, Wully, wha's that shootin' on yon bank?"

Two seasons I have spent fishing in Iceland, and on the last one I made a great tour right across the island from south to north on ponies, with my old friend Captain Stracey, when we explored a number of rivers off the beaten track.

My first season was spent in fishing the Ellidaa River, near Reykjavik, which is by far the best river in Iceland. In that season the bag of salmon and other fish, made by a party of three rods in a little over nine weeks' fishing, was over 1,300 salmon and some 800 sea trout.

On this river I once tried hard to beat the

record of that good sportsman Ernest Crossfield, who had previously visited the river, and had bagged fifty-one salmon in the day to his own rod. I got up to forty-nine in the day on a fly, and then was beaten by a storm of sleet and snow, which spoilt my chance of making a record, as I had to chuck it up at 7 p.m. Both of us, however, were badly beaten later on by an Iclander who, when I was last there, caught sixty-three fish in a day. I believe, however, many of these were caught on a worm.

On the way out to Reykjavik I met an amusing American named James Scott, who was going to make a tour of Iceland. I gave him the address and locality of our river, and invited him to try a day's fishing there during his tour, which he promised to do. Some two weeks later he appeared in a cloud of dust, with a troop of Iceland ponies travelling at their best speed. "Say boys, I guess I've come to catch those fish," was the greeting he shouted when some distance from us. And in order to waste no time about it, he asked me to lend him the rod which I was holding. Fortunately I found he had done some fly-fishing in the States, so there were some hopes for the safety of my favourite rod. Fishing

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down the first good pool he soon hooked and landed a small salmon of about 8 lbs.

"Say now, what kind of a fish do you call that?" was his first remark, and we told him. "Are there any more kinds of fish here?" and we replied that there were sea trout and char. "Well, boys, lead me to them," was his next remark. Finally a visit to the tidal waters yielded him a sea trout and a char. His next query was: "Are there any more kinds of fish in this river?"—and on being told that these were all we could show him he said: "Well, boys, I guess I've seen Iceland and caught all the fish you can catch here, and now I can go back contented to God's country."

However, we induced him to spend a day with us, and I led him on to tell his best yarn, which is my custom when I meet a lively American. And here is his tale.

"Well, boys, my wife is kind of stuck on religion, and is awful fond of hanging texts around in our home. Now I'll tell you there's one thing I can't stand and that is a bad dinner. Not long ago we got the darndest bad cook I ever saw, and my wife didn't seem to notice it. After a while I couldn't stand for any more of it. So I went into the dining-room, where my wife had hung a text,

MY RECORD FISH

‘God bless our home,’ and, writing on a big card ‘God damn our cook,’ I stuck it up under the other text. And believe me, my wife didn’t like it a bit.”

I have often been asked what is the strangest capture I have made with a rod and line. Well, when dry fly-fishing I have, as many others have done, hooked swifts and swallows, also getting in the dusk a bat, and once even a nightjar. The latter performance, I fancy, must be a rare event. But I think my most unique capture was that of a huge sturgeon in the Dorset river Frome. This fish, which had been seen for some time in the river, I managed to foul hook with a big salmon fly, and after a terrific fight, in which all kinds of weapons were used by a crowd of spectators, we killed the fish. It measured 9 feet 7 inches in length, and weighed 203 lbs., and is, I believe, by far the largest fish ever killed in a British river. According to a time-honoured custom, I presented the fish to King Edward ; but at his request it was afterwards stuffed, and is to-day reposing in my museum of big-game trophies, as an object of local interest.

A few seasons ago in my river at Forss in

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Caithness, one of our guests had a curious experience. He was carrying his own gaff and, having brought his fish in under a steep bank, leant over to gaff it. Seeing what he believed to be the fish he proceeded to gaff it ; but what was his surprise to find that this was not the hooked fish but another one, which had apparently been following alongside its mate to see what was wrong with it.

A curious experience of my own shows how soon a fish recovers from the effect of being hooked, and even played on a rod and line. Fishing alone one day on the Frome I hooked a small salmon, and soon brought it near enough to gaff. Leaning down I drove the gaff into the fish, and as I did so the bank on which I was standing gave way, and in I went in water over my head. I managed to get out with rod and gaff, but the fish had meanwhile got off the gaff and the fly had come out of its mouth. Retiring in disgust to the fishing hut half a mile below, I proceeded to strip and dry my clothes in the sun and wind.

I had not been there one hour when I saw a friend of mine, who had *carte blanche* to fish when he liked, coming down the river behind me and, not knowing that I had recently been

fishing and taking a bath in the pool where I lost the fish, he proceeded to fish it. To my surprise he soon hooked and killed a fish. On arrival shortly afterwards at the hut, and after expressing surprise at my appearance, he produced a small salmon, which was a rare thing in the Frome in those days. I said : " I believe I have seen that fish before to-day," and told him of my experience. On examining the fish sure enough it bore the marks of two gaff holes, and two places where it had been hooked in the mouth. Truly an unlucky fool of a fish which deserved to die.

In that same season and on the same river I took part in an amusing scene. I happened to have a new chauffeur, who had never seen a fish gaffed, and took him out as gillie for the day. As luck would have it I hooked a large fish and played it in a very deep pool. Finally getting it beaten, I instructed the chauffeur how to use the gaff, and ended by saying : " Mind whatever you do if you get the gaff into the fish don't let go of it, but pull the fish right out at once." After making quite a good stroke with the gaff he attempted to pull out the fish but, losing his balance, he went head first into the river and disappeared under the water.

Holding my rod in one hand I stepped forward to the river's edge. The first thing to appear was the chauffeur's cap, which came bobbing up like a cork. I remember thinking if the man did not soon appear the prognosis was unfavourable for him, and also for my having to go in after him. But a moment after his hat appeared, up came his head, and one arm clinging to the bank. Leaning over, I grasped his coat collar and fortunately, as I was in those days a champion weight-lifter, I was able to yank him clean out on to the bank. But imagine my surprise to see that he had carried out my instructions to the letter ; as in his right hand he still held the gaff, and on it was a fish weighing 32 lbs. So I made a good haul in that effort ! But I shall never forget the comic sight of that chauffeur's cap coming up from the deep with no sign of its owner.

Probably I could fill a book with memories of days spent with rod and line ; as alas it must be more than fifty years since I started with a rod, and during that time I have visited most of our best British rivers and those of Norway. In addition to which I have caught salmon from Iceland to Russia, and as far south in Europe as Spain. Having

pursued the *Salmo salar* to Newfoundland and the eastern shores of North America, I have also had sport with the Pacific and Behring Sea salmon from Japan to Kamchatka and North-east Siberia ; thence across to Alaska, and down the shores of the American continent, through British Columbia, to the coast states of the U.S.A. Needless to remark in those numerous expeditions I have seen and heard a few episodes and anecdotes. But if we are to condense them all into one book, a good few have to be eliminated in a work like this.

On my lawn at home you may stand and see a great number of fine trout in the river flowing past the house. I never allow these fish to be killed, as I like to see them rising on a summer's evening, and have even nick-names for several of the best-known ones. Looking at them one day a friend said : " These fish remind me of an incident which occurred on a river owned by a man I know. Like you he had a sanctum for trout at the bottom of the lawn, where he never allowed a fish to be killed. And there was one fish in particular, of about 4 lbs. in weight, which he used occasionally to feed with bits of bread, etc. One day, in the owner's absence, a visitor came to fish the river for the first time,

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and presumably he knew the rules *re* the sanctum. But on seeing the big fish at the end of the lawn he could not resist catching it. This he did and killed the fish, leaving it for his host to see what a fine fish he had caught. The owner, on recognizing his pet fish, had it stuffed in a glass case, and on a tablet in the case was printed : ‘ This fish, weight 4 lbs. 2 ozs., was caught by Mr. — on the occasion of his first and last visit to the river.’ ”

The most unsuccessful fishing trip I ever made was one in quest of the Huchen in Roumania. There I went in 1912 with Captain Stracey. We were entertained most hospitably by three or four of the great Roumanian nobles, and spent seven or eight weeks trying to get decent weather. It is generally supposed that it does not rain much in Roumania during June and July. But never in Europe have I seen anything like the rain and storms we experienced in that trip. We sat for days on end on the banks of the River Bistritza, hoping for at least two or three fine days in succession. One day, after a slight spell of fine weather, we drove 150 miles to the King’s shooting lodge at Brosteni, which His Majesty had kindly put at our disposal. On the evening of our arrival the

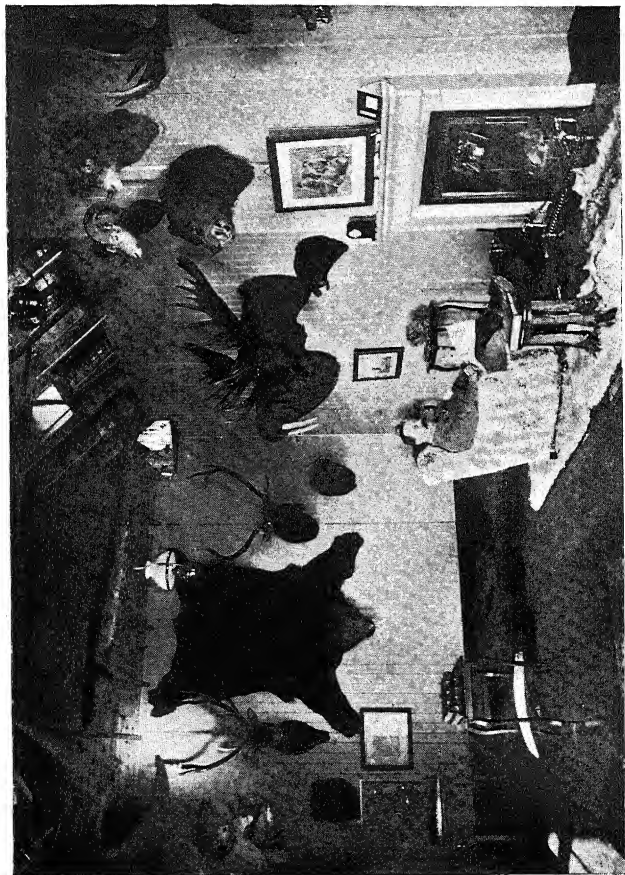
weather was fine, and the river falling fast, with fish showing themselves ; so we felt hopeful for the morrow. Next morning, however, news came from the Austrian frontier saying that there had been a cloud burst many miles above us, and the river was coming down a raging torrent. On going to inspect the prospects with Stracey, I found the river up over the banks, and rising at the rate of several feet per hour. The water was covered with thousands of huge logs from broken timber rafts, and bridges were carried away like bits of matchwood.

On finding a dead pig and one or two floating dead sheep lodged in the bushes of the garden hedge, I went and reported to Stracey that all I thought we could catch would be a dead pig or two. To which he replied : " Oh, that's nothing ! There's an old woman drowned and stuck in the bushes a little higher up."

The result was we decided to get out before we were isolated, probably for days, owing to the destruction of every bridge. On reaching the last remaining bridge we found it bending and swaying in the flood, and we were frightened to trust ourselves in the car on it. The chauffeur declared that, if only

he went fast at it, he could get over. However, Stracey and I decided to risk it on foot, and we managed to get over, expecting every minute to feel the bridge give way. Seeing we had crossed, the chauffeur then charged the bridge at full speed and, although it swayed and bent almost to breaking-point, he just got across. Soon afterwards this bridge went, as every other bridge in the neighbourhood did, in that terrible flood.

A few days later we left Bucarest in a terrible spell of heat, and the journey to Vienna was awful. So fierce was the heat in our car that Stracey pulled off his shoes and socks, and lay with his feet and legs partly out of the window to cool himself. As we passed a number of small stations, I noticed a considerable excitement and waving of flags, etc., from the platforms. Finally we were pulled up at a small station, and the guard and some officials came along the train ; saying that there was a dead man somewhere on the train, as his feet and legs had been reported as hanging out of the window at several stations we had just passed. When they found out that this was only the exploit of another mad Englishman, I don't believe they appreciated the joke at all.



A CORNER OF MY MUSEUM

HORSE AND HOUND

THE sport of hunting has never in my own case afforded so many strange tales and incidents as some other sports. Nevertheless, it cannot be claimed that this sport of kings is devoid of amusing events. My earliest recollections of hunting were in those days when my grandfather kept two packs of hounds, and hunted foxes and roe deer over the greater part of the county of Dorset. When too old to follow his hounds on horseback, he took to that weird form of conveyance on country roads, a hansom-cab. In this, with an old hunter between the shafts, and an old second horseman driving, as a child I travelled most of the roads, and across many of the fields, in Dorset. When later I was promoted to a pony, I often accompanied the hansom in its career over the country, and it was surprising how much my grandfather and I saw of a run in those days, as the old man knew the line which would be taken by almost every fox which broke cover. But long shall

I remember those jolting drives, often with the old hunter going at a canter, and my grandfather urging his Jehu to go faster still.

My grandfather had taken over those parts of Dorsetshire which had formerly been hunted by Mr. James Farquharson and Mr. Drax. The latter was one of the most celebrated county characters in those days, and the stories which my father told me about him would fill a book. The three things he loved most were hunting, shooting and the ladies. He had four or five lodges at the entrances to his great park at Charborough. In the park roamed all kinds of wild cattle, wild boars, deer, and even emus and wild turkeys. In each of the lodges, according to my father, a good-looking young woman always lived.

Old Drax was a wild shot, and utterly regardless of the danger to his guests and beaters. In those days a great percentage of the guns were sporting parsons. Of these Drax professed to be very nervous, as his mode of living and hard swearing were looked upon with slight disfavour by the clerical profession. So on the morning of each of his shoots, which my father and uncle always attended, he would call them up and say, in front of his other guests : " Here, you two fellows, one

go in front of me and the other behind me down this ride. I won't have any of those d——d parsons in the same road as me, or they will shoot me as sure as the devil is in London."

On one occasion, when shooting in Bere Wood which he owned, Drax mistook the legs of a very stout farmer, who was shooting, for a hare. The farmer was wearing a pair of yellow buckskin gaiters, and, on seeing these moving, Drax peppered the farmer very severely in the calf, on which the latter shouted out : " Oh, Mr. Drax, you have shot me in the leg ! " The only reply he got was : " Damnation, man ! If your legs are so big that they take up the whole wood, how the hell can I help it ! "

He built himself a mausoleum in his park, and a favourite amusement of his was to rehearse his own funeral ; being carried down the drive in a kind of coffin by his gardeners and keepers. He would often halt the procession and say to one of the men : " Hi, John, damn your eyes, keep step ! You are shaking the corpse. "

Coming home from hunting one evening in the hansom cab, my grandfather heard that Drax was very ill and decided to call at Char-

borough and see him ; as they were great friends, although totally unlike in character, particularly as regarded strong language which the former disliked.

On being told that Drax was in bed and would like to see him, my grandfather went to his bedroom, and was greeted by Drax with one of his favourite expressions which was : “ Damn my eyes, old fellow, I am glad to see you ! ” Distinctly horrified, my grandfather said : “ Oh, my dear Drax, how can you use such language when you are so dangerously ill ! ” At which the old man retorted : “ Well, if you don’t like that then—Damn your eyes ! my friend.”

In later days I can recall two great sportsmen who were at different times Masters of the Cattistock hounds in my county. The first was the 7th Earl of Guilford, and the other was Mr. Chandos Pole. I well remember the former gallant sportsman, in 1885, hunting with our hounds on almost the last day he ever hunted. Hounds ran a fox to ground and, when digging it out, a big badger was also seen at the end of the earth, facing the terrier. My cousin and I were spectators on our ponies, and he said to Lord Guilford : “ Oh, I should like that badger’s skin ! ” “ You shall have it,

my boy," said Guilford, and, jumping off his horse, he proceeded to lasso the badger with his hunting crop and, dragging him out of the earth, quickly despatched and skinned the animal himself, and gave us the skin which I still have to this day. A day or two later this gallant sportsman was killed in the hunting field.

Chandos Pole once told me an amusing story about himself. When he was a very small child his father had taken him a long way from home by train. Being unable to return home himself that night, he took the boy to the nearest station, addressed a luggage label to his home and, tying it round the boy's neck, put him into the guard's van ; and in due course of time he was safely delivered at his home.

Many years ago, at our hunt point-to-point races, the following comedy was staged. The course was a circular one round which the riders had to go twice, and ending up with a straight half-mile to the winning-post in front of the spectators. A dense fog came on, which made it impossible to see a hundred yards or so ahead. To the immense astonishment of everyone a sporting old yeoman

farmer, Tom Burgess, whose chances were bad was an easy winner. What had happened was this. There was a group of hayricks close beside the line of flags and about half-way round the circular course. The wily Burgess, finding himself well behind in the first round, pulled up behind the hay-stacks. Waiting till he could hear the field coming in the second time round, he got going again and, keeping well in front, rolled home an easy winner. Some of the competitors in complimenting him afterwards added that they had no idea he was in front of them all the way round. To which he replied : “ I told you fellows you would never see the old mare’s tail after we once got going,”—and it was a long time afterwards before they heard how it was done.

My father, when he got past riding to hounds, still loved to keep a big stable of horses ; so many in fact did he keep in his various stables that he never knew within several the actual number of horses he owned. He also kept a huge kennel of all kinds of sporting dogs. Some years ago I remember the present Lord Knutsford, who was then the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, on the occasion of a visit to my home, asking my father how many dogs he had on the estate. He was immensely amused when

I said : " I will bet a fiver that my father does not know if he has got more dogs than horses on the place, or vice versa." At which my father said : " Done ! I will bet you I have far more dogs than horses." The result of a tally next morning was that I won a fiver, as there were 64 dogs and 66 horses on the place at that time. It is only recently that Lord Knutsford reminded me of the episode, which he said amused him greatly.

In our hunting days my father, who was the finest judge of a horse I ever met, used to buy horses in the way some men would buy sheep. I have seen him, at a place like Weyhill Fair, buy as many as eleven young Irish hunters in a day, and send them all home ; regardless of the fact that the stables were full or not at the time. In consequence he used to loan hard-riding young farmers in the district as many horses as they wanted to ride.

He was particularly fond of doing a deal with a shrewd dealer named Hardy, of Blandford. Now if either of them had a doubtful animal, they would often try to chop it away for another animal belonging to the other man. On one occasion Hardy appeared, driving in a dogcart a nice-looking bay horse which, he said, he had brought to do a trade with my

father. The latter was suspicious that something was wrong, from the price which Hardy was asking for an obviously sound horse. But, after driving him up and down the drives for a time, nothing could be found wrong with the horse. However, knowing there was a catch in it somewhere, my father said : " Well, Hardy, I have a nice-looking black mare in the stable, and if you like her I will do a swop with you. She is quite sound, seven years old, and you can try her in your dogcart now." This was duly done in the drives as before and, finding nothing wrong with the mare, Hardy said : " Well, squire, it's a deal." So off he went with the black mare, leaving the bay behind.

Now here is the sequel. No one had noticed that Hardy was driving the bay horse without breeching and when next morning it was sent to the station in breeching harness, the horse bolted down the first hill and kicked the trap into splinters. It happened, however, that the black mare was a bad jibber, with the result that Hardy was stuck on the first hill he came to, and had to walk a great part of the way home. When finally comparing notes they never could decide who got the best of that deal.

On another occasion Hardy came over and said : " Squire, I have a grand-looking four-year-old Irish horse : just the thing that might make a good hunter. He is quite sound, but I will sell him cheap as he has two faults." On being asked what these faults were, he said : " Well, the first is if you turn him out to grass you cannot catch him." " That does not matter to me," said my father, " as I don't turn horses out to grass when I use them. But what is his other fault ? " " Well, squire, the other fault is when you have caught the brute he isn't worth a damn as a hunter."

Sometimes Hardy got hold of a real good one without knowing it, and once he brought over a splendid thoroughbred hunter, which he offered to sell cheap as no one could hold him. My father bought it and made me a present of the horse. At that time I had several chasers in training for military races, and ran my own little private training establishment at home. This horse I eventually sent to Jimmy Adams, the trainer, at Epsom, who made him one of the finest jumpers I ever saw, and subsequently he won me a lot of races.

Well I remember, not feeling equal to the occasion myself, getting Bertie Corbet to ride the horse for the first time in our regimental

race, The First Lifeguards Cup, at the Household Brigade Meeting. Bertie arrived on the course after a very heavy night in town, and feeling, as he said, "like nothing on earth," with just enough time to jump into his colours and get to the starting-post. As he was going out he said to Adams : "How shall I ride him, Jimmy?" "Well, captain, you can't put him down, and he has only got one pace, but he'll go that all the way round." It was a true description of what followed. For the horse took charge of affairs from the start and, jumping in faultless style, passed the post streets ahead of the second horse : and to show his independence, after winning he carried on once more round the course and jumped two more fences, before Corbet could pull him up. And when coming back into the paddock the only tired part of the outfit was the jockey.

HUMOUR IN THE TRAIN

IF you keep your eyes and ears open probably travelling by train will afford you enough amusing incidents to fill a book. Speaking personally I can say my own observations have certainly done this, and my only regret is that my memory is not good enough to remember them all ; and the best ones I can't put into print. However, I shall try to record a few of them.

The earliest amusing train incident I remember happened in the days when I was at an army crammer's. Travelling one day from Waterloo to Hampton Court two men got into the carriage, and one of them was undoubtedly very deaf. The conversation was commenced by the man who was not deaf, and whom, for the purpose of this yarn, we will call Gent. No. 1.

Gent. No. 1. You remember our friend Freddy Stone ?

Gent. No. 2. What's that about Eddystone ?

Gent. No. 1. No. I said Frederick Stone.

HUMOUR IN THE TRAIN

Gent. No. 2. Oh yes, of course.

Gent. No. 1. Well, he has just bought a new yacht.

Gent. No. 2. What's that? It's very hot?

Gent. No. 1. No! He has bought a new boat.

Gent. No. 2. Dear me! He has cut his throat! Is he much hurt?

Gent. No. 1 (who by now was worked up to fever heat). Yes, he cut his blasted head right off!

Travelling once from New York to Chicago, *en route* to shoot big game in Alaska, I met an amusing man who, later in the journey, informed me his name was Oppenheim and that he was Vice-President of the Great Western Railroad. It was easy to see that at some remote period his ancestors had probably hunted jackals round the walls of Jerusalem, and he would have admitted this soft impeachment, for here is his own story.

“Well, sir, I guess you know that there has been a great persecution of the Jews going on in Russia lately. Now I take a great interest in these matters, and recently I got into a tramcar in Chicago, and next to me was a little man, badly deformed, who was reading an evening paper. Seeing a big headline *re* More Persecutions of the Jews in Russia, I

leaned over the little man's shoulder to read the article in question. When he looked up at me I said : ' Pardon me, sir, for looking at your paper, but I can't help being interested in those terrible atrocities in Russia.' At which he replied agreeing with my views on the subject.

" After a little more conversation, he got up to leave the car, and as he was doing so I said to him : ' I don't mind telling you in confidence that I am a Jew myself.' He smiled, and pointing to the hump on his back, said : ' Well, sir, I guess I don't mind telling you in confidence that I am a hunchback.' "

Several months later I was making the return journey to New York in that wonderful train The Twentieth Century Limited, on which they used to give one a rebate of one dollar for every minute they were behind their scheduled time of arrival in New York. At that time a great controversy was going on over President Roosevelt's attack on birth-control in America. Seated in the smoking-car were several men, and two of them started on this much-debated subject. One said to the other : " Well, sir, I reckon I have done my duty to the country, as I have been married five years and we have got three children." To which

the other replied : " And I guess Teddy Roosevelt has no kick coming over me, as I've been married eight years and my wife has four children." Then, turning to a silent man who was reading a paper in a near-by seat, the last speaker addressed him, saying : " Excuse me, sir ; might I ask if you are a married man and have you any children ? "

Slowly lowering his paper the third man said : " Yes, gentlemen, I have been married for ten years ; but to be honest with you I'll say that my wife is one of those nervous shy kind of critters who can't stand the attentions of any man excepting her own husband, and we've only one child."—And somehow I thought the last speaker had " marked the game."

People who travelled much in America, before prohibition was universally the law in the U.S.A., will remember that there were even then certain dry States or towns. Travelling from Chicago on the Great Northern or Northern Pacific railroads one was warned that on entering the States of Minnesota and N. Dakota these States were dry, and if you wanted anything to drink whilst passing through these States, one had to buy in advance from the dining-car conductor what wine, etc., you

BEFORE THE PROHIBITION LAWS considered sufficient to see you through these States.

Knowing this, on the occasion of my second trip across these States, and before entering them, I said to my travelling companion, Prince N. Ghika, that we had better order a bottle or two of wine to take with our meals for the next day, and I explained the reason for this. And this we did. Some hours after we entered the first dry State, Ghika wanted to send an important telegram to Roumania, and asked if I would go with him and help despatch this wire.

When the train arrived at a large town, where we were informed it would stop for twenty minutes or more, we got out and went to a telegraph office. On handing the cable to the operator behind the counter, we discovered he was so drunk that he was unable to read it. Whereupon I called another operator and he, although able to understand the cable, was so drunk that he could not count the change we wanted from a \$10 note.

On returning to the car we found one of the distinguished citizens of the town, who had just boarded the train, had taken a fancy to our sleeping-car, which was what was known as a drawing-room or parlour compartment,

having two beds and a sofa in it. There the worthy citizen was reclining full length on our sofa, and being very drunk he steadfastly refused to move for us. Giving instructions to George, the black conductor, to eject our uninvited guest, we adjourned to the public smoking-car. Here Ghika openly expressed his astonishment at the fact that the first three men we had come in contact with in this dry town were all drunk.

On hearing this remark an American, who was sitting near by us, said : " Well, gents, I tell you what happened not long ago in this little old dry berg. An Englishman was travelling like yourselves, but he was coming across these dry States from the other side ; and I guess, boys, he was feeling after a day or so that he wanted a drink pretty bad. When he got to this depot and was told he had time to burn, he got out and walked up the town. Seeing a policeman standing across the road, he went up to him and said : ' Say, boy, can you tell me where I can get a drink in this town ? ' Then the policeman took him a little way up the street and pointed to the church. ' But,' said the Englishman, ' surely I can't get a drink in the church ? ' And the policeman replied : ' No, siree, but that is the only

A DRY TOWN

house in the whole darned town where you cannot get a drink.' And," our informer added, "I guess you boys think it looks that way here right now."

Another amusing experience I had on one of these trains. We had just run into one of the dry towns, a place called Gillet, and although it was supposed to be dry, it was called at that time the widest open town in the West. To my intense disgust, as we had not ordered any drink in advance, we were informed that there was a washout on the railway owing to a cloudburst about three miles away, and we could not proceed until the line was re-opened. Moreover, they told us that this would probably take a day or two at least, and so it did.

After many hours of a dry time on the train, and not wishing to buy any bootlegger's stuff in the town, I began to question the dining-car conductor as to ways and means of getting what I wanted. But he was adamant and said it was as much as his job was worth to risk selling us a drink until the train left that town. At which I had a brain wave, and said : "If we once get moving out of the town can you let me have a bottle of whisky ?" "Why certainly," was the reply. "Then, big boy, go

HUMOUR IN THE TRAIN

and ask the engine-driver just *how much* to drive us a little way down the line and shunt back again, so as to prevent the grease getting too hard in the wheels?" He thought it a great idea and went to see the driver; returning with the remark that the driver thought it would just be worth \$10 to give the train a trial run. So I said: "Well, I guess \$10 goes, and that bottle of whisky comes right here,"—and so it was.

Once coming back across the Northern Pacific we took on board the train a party of old timers from a lumber town, and two painted ladies, whose occupation it was easy to guess. The two ladies occupied sleeping-berths, screened only by curtains, on one side of the car, and on the opposite side was a tough-looking old timer, who shortly after turning into his bunk began to snore in the most terrific manner, so that no one near him could get to sleep. Now everyone knows that if you want to waken a sound sleeper one or two shrill sharp whistling notes will do the trick. Also in America when a person snores loudly they call it "sawing wood." Now for a time the two ladies stood the snoring but, getting desperate, one of them gave two sharp

HEARD IN A SLEEPING-CAR

whistles and said loudly in a sing-song voice, "Sawing wood." Instantly the snoring ceased for a time, but in a few minutes it started again. Once more was heard twice a whistle, followed by "sawing wood." Then followed another quiet interlude, which was again broken by loud snores. For a third time came two sharp notes and "sawing wood."

Sharply following on the last word came from the old timer's bunk a somewhat startling noise, followed by two whistles, and a deep voice singing the words: "Struck a knot." Everyone who was listening decided that the old timer had scored the winning trick.

I remember once comparing notes with Lord Lanesborough *re* our experiences on American trains, and, after telling him this last story, he capped it with one of his own experiences. He was travelling in an American sleeping-car, of the kind with only curtains acting as screens from the corridor. Now it happened that a certain gay young woman had gone to sleep with the curtain of her bunk not properly drawn across it. The result was that a certain part of her anatomy on which ladies used to wear bustles was part exposed to view. On seeing this someone

HUMOUR IN THE TRAIN

called George, the black conductor, and, pointing out the case to him, said: "Say, George, what are you going to do about it?"

Nothing daunted, George at once went to his own portion of the car, and produced a red danger lamp, used in cases of break-downs on the line. He lighted it, and hung it on the curtain rail in such a position that, swinging with the motion of the train, it bumped against the young woman and woke her up. On seeing what had happened, and also George and others regarding her from a distance, the lady furiously demanded in strong language to know what George was "playing at." Whereupon George promptly produced from his pocket a small book of rules and regulations, dealing with emergencies on the line.

"Excuse me, marm," he said. "I am acting strictly according to regulations. Rule 13 says, 'When any rear end is exposed in a dangerous place, immediately hang a red light on it.' And that, marm, is what I have done," said George.

Some people never suffer from nerves in a train but, having been in one terrible accident, and once nearly in another one, I do some-

times feel jumpy. The time I escaped with only a shaking was amusing, and showed that some people do not suffer from nerves. I was travelling by train across the Rockies, with my friend Mr. R. F. Glyn, the present Sir Richard Glyn, and when asleep one night I felt a tremendous shock which threw me out of the bunk on to the floor. The train came to a dead stop and, jumping up, I shook Glyn, who was still sleeping soundly in the bunk above me, and said: "Wake up quickly! The train is off the line." This actually happened to be a fact, as we had struck a rock slide on the track and one or two carriages were off the line, although I think ours never left the rails. Anyhow Glyn, whose nerves were about the best I ever saw in peace or war, calmly said: "Oh d——n it! If the train is off the line let her stop there,"—and calmly rolling over he went to sleep again. I am sure he never knew how long it was before we got started again, as we eventually did in a surprisingly short space of time, and without any loss of life.

The years 1903 and 1906 found me wandering by land and sea along the coasts of the Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. In

the latter year I started with a well-known German sportsman, named Paul Niedieck, and we crossed from America to Japan. There we chartered an old tramp steamer, which was at that time employed in gun-running between Japan and the Siberian coasts. Before going north we saw some of the closing episodes of the Russo-Japanese War.

From Hakodate we pushed north to the island of Yezo, and visited the little-known race of Hairy Ainu who inhabit this most northerly island of Japan. An account of our experiences there I have written elsewhere. Pushing further north we travelled to Saghalien and the Kurile Islands, and thence to Kamchatka, and up the eastern coast of Siberia to the Behring Straits; and thence across to the north-east coast of Alaska, and down the American shores of the Behring Sea and North Pacific. How many thousands of miles we travelled in this trip I cannot say; but it took many months to accomplish, and for hardships it took a lot of beating. During it I was once wrecked in a small boat on the coast of Siberia, and stranded for days in an isolated bay, a thousand miles from nowhere: to say nothing of sleeping in tents on snow and ice, and hunting all kinds of big game on land

and sea—from bears and mountain sheep to walrus and seals, etc. The summer in those Arctic regions was most interesting, for there I saw birds nesting in countless thousands, many of which would migrate as far south as Europe in winter, and many, such as the rare Curlew Sandpiper, the breeding-grounds of which were at that time unknown.

I could have written a book about the habits and customs of the different native tribes we met on this journey, as the Kamchadales, the Koryaks, the Lamuts, the Chuchchies and the Esquimaux are all distinct in type, language and customs, and the Chuchchies especially are probably some of the wildest and most uncivilized people in the world.

It is said by some anthropologists that all nations have some record or folk-lore *re* the flood. But this is not so. And on questioning some of the natives as to why they did not know of this ancient scriptural tale this is what they said :

“Many years ago missionaries came north to talk to our people, and they collected some of the tribes to tell them of your religion of which we knew nothing. Now for several days our people listened to how your God created the world and so on. And all listened

and all went well, until the missionary began to tell us a fairy story about this flood you talk of. You know that up here it rains or snows on more than three hundred days each year. So when the missionary said it rained for forty days and forty nights, and then a man built a great ship because there was no more land or mountains to be seen, this was more than we could stand.

“So our big chief stood up and said to the missionary: ‘Now, boss, you stop talking. We see it rain here for sixty days and sixty nights, and it makes no difference to land and mountains, or rivers or nothing. You are one big damned liar and you are finished here.’ Whereat all the tribes dispersed, and would never listen to a missionary again.”

On this expedition I stayed for some time at Nome City on the shores of the Behring Sea, as I had promised President Roosevelt that I would meet there the Governor of Alaska, Mr. Hoggat. On the evening of his arrival the Governor and I were entertained as guests of honour by the Arctic Brotherhood, in the building which answered for a town hall.

Nome at that time was at the height of a boom, and more fortunes were being made

and lost in a shorter space of time than had probably happened in any other mining camp in the world. Men could even walk down on the seashore, and pan out \$100 per day, by sifting the sand with a hand pan ; and after every storm had thrown up fresh sand the beach was as rich as ever. No man was allowed to stake a claim on the beach, which was reserved as a no-man's-land for those who were down and out, or who had no claims of their own further inland.

What impressed me most was the leading spokesman who welcomed us to Nome and who was then a millionaire, and who I knew before had, only a short time previously, been a herder of reindeer, earning a few dollars per month. He had come with a herd of reindeer from Lapland, to try and instruct the Alaskan natives and others how to utilize these hardy animals for sleigh work in Alaska. This man had struck it rich on the celebrated Anvil Creek at Nome, and, rapidly rising to great wealth, had built himself a miniature palace in San Francisco ; and had engaged English and French tutors to teach him languages which he did not know when he landed in Alaska.

Having assisted Governor Hoggat to frame a new set of laws for the protection of the big

game in Alaska, which was the purpose for which we met, I then proceeded further south into the Pacific and, whilst hunting bears near Unimak Island, off the Alaska Peninsula, I was surprised to see an English gunboat anchored one day in the bay. As I had then left Niedeck, and said good-bye to our tramp steamer, I was glad to avail myself of the kind offer of the Commander of the gunboat for a trip down to Vancouver as a guest of the ship.

The trip was not remarkable at that time of year for giving us a spell of terrible gales. I remember a curious incident happening one night, when we anchored out of the gale under the shelter of an island. I had the porthole of my cabin open and a light burning, when suddenly the cabin was invaded by flocks of little birds, which turned out to be Stormy Petrels. On going up on deck the whole place and rigging of the gunboat was covered with these little birds in hundreds, all terribly exhausted. Whence they came or where they went ultimately I for one never knew.

On reaching the Frazer River we proceeded some way up it and anchored in mid-stream.

During the night here an immense mass of thousands of great trees, which had been floated down as rafts and which had broken

up, floated down on us. These became entangled with their chains, etc., round the bows of the ship. It was a weird sight to see great trees bumping and crashing at all angles against the sides of the gunboat and, as the huge weight of logs started to drag the ship from her anchorage, things looked very unpleasant for a while. The officers and crew had a hectic time in chopping the chains which bound the logs together, until at last we were freed from the danger of being carried helplessly out to sea, or on to the shore.

- . It was during this trip across America that I received an invitation to visit President Roosevelt at the White House, Washington. He was greatly interested in the wonderful collection of moose and bears, etc., which I had brought back from a previous trip in Alaska. So enormous in size were some of these trophies that the American mammalogists and sportsmen hardly knew at that time that such animals existed on their own continent; and Teddy Roosevelt himself wanted to make an expedition into the country where I had hunted.

At that time he was a hard man to beat at getting over rough country, as I found to my

cost. One day after lunch he said to me : " I want a bit of exercise in the country. Will you come for a walk ? " Little knowing what I was in for, and being clad only in light shoes and trousers, I foolishly agreed. We drove about seven or eight miles into the country, closely followed by armed detectives, who were the President's bodyguard, and who were certainly necessary from the fearless way Roosevelt went about looking for danger, even after his life had been attempted.

On arrival at our destination he dismissed his carriage and, pointing to the detectives, he said : " I hate those men following me everywhere, but we are going to walk home and I don't think they can follow us." In truth we set off at a brisk pace and, after pushing through a dense mass of underwood, and descending a rocky hill, we came upon a river. Nothing daunted, the President plunged into it and waded across, the water being well above his knees. By this time we had completely lost sight of the detectives, and I was beginning to blow a bit though in hard condition.

After another five or six miles of this kind of work we emerged on to a decent road. Fortunately it was now getting dusk, and I don't think any of the people we passed recog-

nized either their President, or the tattered and torn Englishman who accompanied him back to Washington. But this trip cost me a suit of clothes, and gave me a great opinion of the physical capabilities of a man who, to the day of his death, remained one of my friends.

Travelling by ship along the coasts of Alaska was far from being a picnic, and well I remember when first the wireless was introduced on board the coasting steamers. I was stranded once at an out-of-the-way village on the Alaskan coast, waiting for a possible means of getting some 2,000 miles down to Seattle. Luckily an old steamer, called the *Portland*, called at that village. But on asking for a berth on board, the purser informed me there was not a vacant berth on the boat ; and even then there were miners and others sleeping on the tables and floor of the saloon.

However, knowing the right thing to do on such occasions, I said : " How much to find me a berth ? " Finally the wireless operator came to me and said he had a small spare bunk in his wireless room, but it was a dangerous spot. However, if I liked to speculate \$10 plus the usual fare, the bunk was mine. Needless to say I jumped at it. On examination the bunk proved to be one where your feet were a few

inches from the Marconi instrument, and I was told if my feet touched this instrument I should probably be a dead man. Eventually I fixed up a plank across the foot of my bunk which gave me an inch between me and destruction.

Never shall I forget that journey down of many days' duration. At all hours of the day and night terrible cracklings and blue flames would come from that instrument, and the noise and fumes emitted from it were at times terrible. But I got used to it in time.

During this trip we had the usual fire alarm and fire drill for the crew and passengers on board, and I in duty bound attended it. The next afternoon the fire alarm sounded again, when the wireless man and I were both resting in our bunks. Thinking things were going beyond a joke I went on deck to see what was up, and was informed that this time the ship really was on fire. Quickly going back to our cabin I said to the wireless operator, who was very tired, having been up all night : "Hurry up and come on deck, man ! The ship is on fire." "Oh, damn it all !" said he ; "let her burn ! They will call me if I am wanted." And he remained in his bunk. Luckily for him the fire was soon subdued, and we proceeded on our way again.

FALCONRY

THE ancient sport of falconry was my favourite hobby in the days when I was active enough to follow my hawks either on foot or on horseback. For many years I maintained the largest establishment of trained hawks in Europe, with two falconers and the usual complement of hawks, horses and dogs. My earliest mentor in this sport was that celebrated old sportsman, Major Fisher, of the Castle at Stroud in Gloucestershire, and the greatest falconer of his day. With three falconers and a splendid team of peregrine falcons we hawked together, for many seasons, rooks on Salisbury Plain, and grouse on a charming moor at Riddlehamhope in Northumberland. Fisher's head falconer in those days was James Rutford, and he was undoubtedly then the best of our English professional falconers. My head falconer then was Thomas Allen, a man who managed to make humour out of most things.

Trained hawks are not often seen in these

days travelling by train, and usually are the means of collecting a crowd of curious people when they appear at a station. On one occasion when we arrived at Waterloo Station, I saw Allen surrounded by a big crowd, and being bombarded with the usual questions *re* the hawks. One inquisitive old lady, on seeing the hawks sitting on the cadge (a square wooden frame on legs) with their plumed hoods of many colours, went up to Allen and said : " Please tell me what are those pretty birds, and what do you do with them ? " At which he replied : " Well, mam, these are performing cockatoos, and we are going to give a performance to-night at the Alhambra." And the old lady went off vowing that she must certainly go to see them. I trust, however, she did not do so that evening, as we were leaving by the night train for the North.

Evidently our falconers were an attraction to the local village lasses where we carried on our sport, for well I remember, on entering the village of Tilshead where we went to hawk rooks in spring on the Wiltshire downs, this is what I heard. An old woman, on seeing our cavalcade coming up the village street, called out loudly to a smiling wench in the garden and said : " Come in, our Sue, here come

TRAINING AN EAGLE

they hawkers agen. They don't care whose daughters they be arter. They be here to-day and gone to-morrer ! Come in, our Sue."

I once had a well-known Irish falconer, Edward Dwyer, who insisted on training a golden eagle to fly at hares. With difficulty we obtained a young one from an eyrie in Scotland. On its arrival in a hamper Dwyer proceeded to take the bird from it, wearing an ordinary hawking glove. But he had underestimated the strength of his new pupil, which promptly drove its talons through the glove and locked them well into the flesh of his hands. Now as he was alone and could not release the grip with one hand, he had to walk some distance to the stables with the eagle still gripping his hand, until he was released with the help of two grooms.

After the usual amount of weeks of patient training it was decided to try the eagle at a hare in the open. Having started a hare in a grass field the eagle was cast off at it, and away it went after the hare. Not far off was a field of high turnips, and into this the hare went. As it dashed through the turnips, kicking up the leaves behind it, the eagle kept making pounces at these leaves, ending by

FALCONRY

seizing them or a turnip in its claws, only to look round and see the hare still going ahead. After several attempts like this the bird took a turn or two round in the air, and suddenly set off at a good pace.

On the far side of the field was a shepherd hacking up turnips for his sheep, and not apparently having seen what was going on at the other end of the field. The eagle, on seeing this man, and, probably excited by the movement of his coloured shirt-sleeves, made a bee line for the man, and, coming up behind him, pounced on his stooping back. Now what that wretched man imagined had happened I don't know, but I imagine he thought the devil had come to take him before his time. Anyhow, he started to run and yell and roll on the ground in order to rid himself of the unknown peril. I imagine also that he must have suffered considerable pain before he managed to beat off the eagle. But in those days a sovereign went a long way to heal injuries, and luckily the man did not go mad, as I verily believe some men would have done under those conditions.

In the year 1899 I took hawks over to Spa in Belgium during the great *Concours Hippique*

there, and gave a number of exhibition flights on the moors near Malmédy ; and we managed also to get up a falconer's contest between some continental falconers and myself. Finally, when the *bataille des fleurs* took place, I sent my falcons and falconer in the procession, in a carriage decorated with flowers, and they won the prize.

It is not generally known that in those days, and even to-day, English grouse are to be found on the moors near Malmédy, but, after several attempts, I was able to introduce them, and get them acclimatized on the moors of the Duc D' Arenberg there, late in the last century.

In the summer of 1902 my friend Prince Z. Odescalchi asked me to introduce falconry into Hungary. So I started off with a man named Best and another man, both of whom had been trained under my falconer, T. Allen, and with us we took some half a dozen trained peregrines to Thuzer in Hungary. There we had most wonderful sport on the plains, and incidentally it led to my being invited to some of the finest shoots in Hungary. One of the best of these shoots was at Tot Megyer, the home of Count Louis Karolyi. There it was no uncommon thing for us to average 100

brace per day of partridges to each gun in the party. The splendour and lavishness with which one was entertained by those hospitable Hungarian nobility was a thing never to be forgotten, and it made me sad in later years to go as a soldier through those districts at the end of the Great War, and see the devastation wrought by war and peace-makers in what was one of the finest countries, with some of the nicest people in the world.

Hungary is a country which is noted for its haunted castles, and, as I had never seen a ghost, I tried to do so on the occasion of one visit there. Happening to be staying in a house which was reputed to be haunted, I asked leave to be allowed to spend a night in the haunted room, and did so. But I asked my host if I had his permission to shoot at anything which came into my room at night if I did not like the look of it. This was explained at dinner before the butler and footmen, who were warned on pain of death not to enter that part of the castle after 10 p.m.

The room in question was in a tower of the castle, which was unoccupied, and the bedrooms were on the first floor, and approached by a stone staircase. I was told that the ghost could be heard walking up the stairs,

and, entering one or other of the several rooms in the tower, the ghost would push and move the furniture about all over the place. Taking my gun and half a dozen cartridges, plenty of matches, and two candles as there were no other lights in the tower, I went to bed.

Now the room I was in had three doors in it, two of them leading into other rooms on either side. I heard nothing, but awoke feeling cold and, on lighting a candle, I saw the door by which I had entered the room was open. Thinking I had forgotten to close it properly I got out of bed and closed it; but as there were no keys I could not lock the doors.

Shortly after getting into bed again I felt the room getting cold once more, and on lighting the candle again I found another door, leading to one of the next rooms, was open. Once more I got up and closed this door. I admit that by then I began to keep wide awake.

As nothing more happened for some time, I put out the candle and tried to sleep. But suddenly I heard the third door creaking and, on lighting the candle again, I saw this door slowly swinging open. I seized the gun and ran out into the other room, but could see nothing, or hear anything.

Finally, closing this door I frankly admit I kept my candle alight and myself awake for the rest of the night, and determined to shoot if I could see anything in the open doorway of either door. But nothing more happened, and as I was leaving next day I could not carry on my investigations, and shall never know what made those three doors open. It might have been only coincidence, and as such I have regarded it ever since.

A few days afterwards I met a dashing Hungarian cavalry officer, who said he had hunted haunted rooms all over Hungary, and had never seen a ghost because he had no fear of them. I told him of my experience and said : " If you had been in my place and if you had seen something come into your room, and if you had fired both barrels at it and the thing still remained there, what would you have done ? " He said : " Well, I should have said to that thing : ' I don't know who you are, sir ; but you are a cleverer man than I, and I don't believe you are a ghost.' " To which I replied : " Well, if you can do that you are a braver man than I am for, thinking that I am a fairly good shot, if I missed a thing twice at ten paces away, I verily believe I should throw the gun out of the window

and jump after it." At which he laughed and said: "Don't you believe it! You would be too brave to do that." But I think he was wrong.

In those days of Hungary's prosperity we used to drive to a hawking or shooting party with a team of four milk-white horses, which was Prince Odescalchi's favourite colour for his horses, and at luncheon intervals a string band of Hungarians would regale us with wonderful music. Truly they did things in style at that time in Hungary.

Although I have elsewhere written more fully on this ancient sport, before leaving the subject of falconry I should like to say a few things about it. First then, although in my young days there were still a number of men who kept trained hawks, as one by one they passed over the great divide hardly anyone came forward to take their places. I lived to be the last survivor of the big falconers of the last century, and my falconer, Allen, lived to be the last of the great professional falconers. When the old Hawking Club at Lyndhurst came to an end, and the Hon. G. Lascelles who managed it retired, there was practically no one to carry on that old institution. However, a friend of mine, Captain G. Blaine,

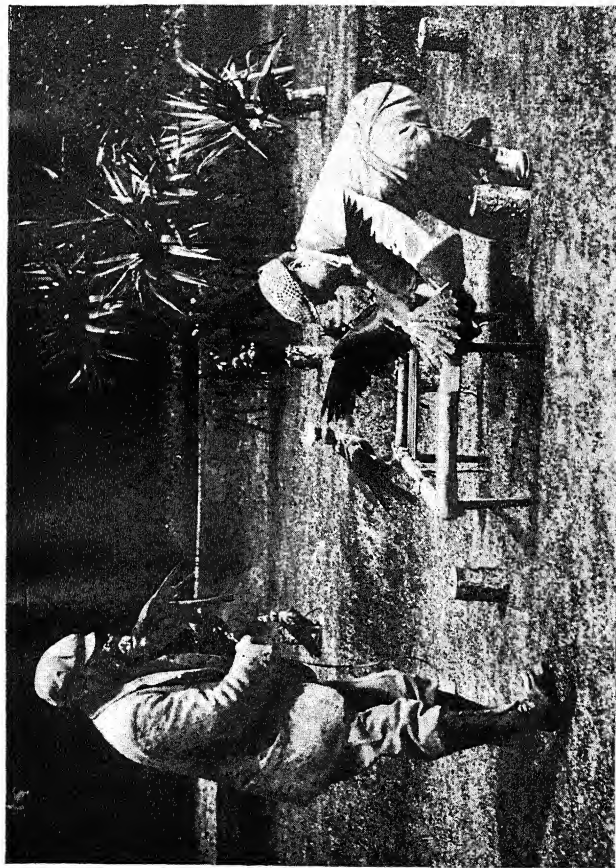
M.C., who I had started many years ago with a lot of trained hawks, and the falconer Best to whom I have referred, nobly came forward, and Blaine supported the Hawking Club for a long time practically at his own expense.

Blaine, in partnership with another old friend of mine, Captain K. Palmer, late 2nd Life Guards, kept up by far the finest hawking establishment of recent years. Not only did they show good sport on the Wiltshire downs, as we did in former years, but on the moors of Camster and Watten in Caithness they made bags of grouse which beat anything that Major Fisher and I, or any other falconers, had done in former years. As these bags have never been publicly recorded anywhere, I give a few of them now, for the benefit of future generations who may be interested in this finest and best of our old English sports and pastimes.

In 1913 at Barrogill Castle Moors they killed with hawks a bag of 406 grouse, 12 partridges and 7 various, a total of 425 head.

And again in 1922 on Camster and Watten they bagged just over 400 grouse besides other game.

These two seasons were both records for British falconers at grouse hawking.



World's Graphic Press

WITH MY FALCONS AND GEORGE OXER, FALCONER, OF THE OLD HAWKING CLUB

SOLDIERING

A SOLDIER'S life affords many opportunities of seeing both comedy and tragedy, and my own has been no exception to the rule.

My first appearance in uniform was as a subaltern in my county militia, and although the senior officers, even in those days, took the month's training very seriously, I fear the junior ones took it as a time for a general beano. Nevertheless some of us did ultimately pass into the regular army.

In those days the militia privates were often old soldiers, and many of them most humorous characters. Here is an instance of their sense of humour in the following conversation between one of our men and the G.O.C. of our district, on the occasion of the annual inspection of the regiment. A field day was in progress between Dorchester and Weymouth, and the inspecting officer was riding round the outpost line to see if they had been well placed and instructed in their duties. Riding

SOLDIERING

up to an old-timer, posted as a sentry where three roads met, this is what occurred.

The General. Well, my man, and what are you supposed to be doing here?

Private. Bag yr pardon, zur, but I be a sentry on outpost.

General. Do you know where you are?

Private. Yas, zur.

General (*pointing to a road*). Where does that road lead to?

Private. That one do lead to Weymouth.

General (*pointing to another road*). Where does that road go, and how far is it to the nearest town?

Private. That road do lead to Darchester, and it be about vive miles to the town.

General. Can you tell me the name of that village we see in the distance?

Private. Yas, zur, that be Upwey.

General. Good, my man, you seem to know your surroundings very well.

Private. Well, zur, I ought to it. I've a-lived in thich there cottage down the road for nigh on thirty years.

I remember a waggish old Irish sergeant who was in my company, and one cold morning I went very early to the ranges, where he was getting the targets ready for musketry prac-

tice. On arrival I said to him : " Sergeant Kelly, have you and your men had breakfast yet ? " To which he replied : " Divil a bit yet, sir." Then I said : " You must be hungry." His retort was : " Hungry, begorrah ! Can't you see me poor old bones a-sticking through me coat, and the poor little mice are running about in our tents with tears in their eyes because I haven't a crumb to give them."

I remember another Irish sergeant-major exercising his battalion early one morning in a big field in which were a number of cows. The line was halted when suddenly he gave the command : " Battalion, mark time ! " After a second he pointed his cane furiously at a man in the line and roared out : " Shtop ! that dirty divil in the centre of the line, who is marking time in a bovine nuisance."

In 1892 I got a commission in the 1st Life Guards, and joined them shortly before the disastrous episode when a certain squadron cut up their saddles one night, and could not turn out on parade next day. Pandemonium raged for a long time at Windsor Barracks, and finally Lord Methuen, who was then G.O.C. of the London District, came down and addressed us ; and by way of a

punishment we were banished to Shorncliffe in disgrace. This episode lost us many of our men and officers, as for a time a regiment which was considered to be the *crème de la crème* of the English cavalry fell on bad times.

There was a man in my troop named Arnold, who thought he was a bit of a bruiser, and who always strongly resented being chaffed by men of the other regiments at Shorncliffe for being one of a gang of mutineers. As a result he was constantly being reprimanded for appearing with a face cut about, etc. One day he appeared with a worse black eye than usual and I said to him : " Arnold, this is disgraceful ! You are not fit to appear on parade like this." Knowing that I was myself at that time training for the army boxing contests, he replied : " Beg pardon, sir, you know that kind of thing does happen sometimes ; but please God some day I'll find a damned fool I can lick."

My liveliest recollection of our time at Shorncliffe was rather an alarming incident, as follows. My squadron leader at that time was Hill Trevor, and he owned a beautiful black mare with a devil of a temper, which no one could ride at times. She had practically killed one man and injured others.

A RUNAWAY CHARGER

Therefore I was not feeling very hopeful when one day Hill Trevor asked me to ride this mare on parade. However, things went well for several days, and really I began to think I could ride her without any trouble.

One day, however, when drilling on the cavalry parade ground, and trotting ahead of the line, I suddenly found on the command "Troops right wheel!" that I could not turn the mare. She kept going straight ahead, first breaking into a canter, and then a gallop. Having fairly got the bit in her teeth I could neither turn her nor pull her up. She made straight for the high fence around the drill ground, and to my astonishment cleared it like a bird. On the other side lay the infantry parade ground, and here was a battalion of the Scots Fusiliers drilling. Luckily they were in fairly extended formation, because I bore down on them like a whirlwind, shouting warnings at the top of my voice, and galloped clean through the whole battalion.

By this time I had thrown away my drawn sword with which I had started, and continued to pull my full weight and strength with both hands. This did not have the slightest effect, and our next performance was to career madly along between a line of wooden huts

which were then the soldiers' married quarters. Here it was unfortunately washing-day, and hundreds of articles of underwear were hanging on lines stretched from house to house. Through these we went, cracking the lines like bits of thread ; and festooned around my own neck and the mare's were numerous strange garments. What we must have looked like I dread to think. But continuing our mad race we passed the main guard and in front of the General's house. The General, who was then General Le Quesne, was just coming out of his house with some of his staff, and as I swept past them they shouted something I could not stop to hear.

Then in front of us, where two roads branched right and left, loomed one of the old-fashioned martello towers, surrounded by high railings and a deep fosse. I knew if we once cleared those railings it was about certain death for me and the mare in the fosse. Throwing all my weight on the left rein, I just managed to steer clear of the railings. But ahead of us lay a very steep green hill, almost like a cliff and of considerable height ; and at the foot of it lay the town of Sandgate. Try as I would I could not keep the brute away from that cursed hill, and

over the edge we went. No living horse could have kept its legs going down that hill at any speed. The result was we both rolled to the bottom like two shot rabbits, and when I could gather my scattered thoughts I found we had ended up in the back garden of a Sandgate house.

When, later on, I saw the General, who came to look over the top of the hill, he said : " I never would have believed that a man and horse could have gone over there like that and come out of it 'alive.'" I replied : " Well, sir, I thought the same thing myself when we went over the top." This ride had the effect of quieting that mare considerably ; but I never rode her on parade again, nor had I any ambition to try it.

In 1893 the regiment returned to London in order to attend the wedding of our present King George. That day was memorable to me for two incidents. First, on arrival very early in the morning at Buckingham Palace gates, where my troop was to remain during the ceremony, I was greeted by the sight of a brother officer, who had been riding a very fresh horse which had bucked him off just inside the iron railings in front of the palace. I shall never forget the amusing sight of seeing

that gallant officer, in the full panoply of Queen's Guard order, with a drawn sword, pursuing his horse round the palace forecourt. Fortunately as it was about 7.30 a.m. there were very few spectators to witness the episode.

The second event was not amusing for myself. It was a terribly hot day, and after sitting for hours in the sun our helmets and cuirasses were burning hot. Just as the whole procession began to return to the palace after the wedding, my nose started to bleed violently. Having forgotten to put a handkerchief where I could get at it, I had nothing with which to staunch the bleeding. As a result the front of my cuirass, etc., was soon a terrible sight. The only person who seemed to notice what was happening was the father of the Royal Bride ; and as he passed in his carriage I saw the Duke of Teck point at me, and say something to a staff officer who shortly came across to me, and I was ordered to adjourn from my post and to get a wash down in the palace courtyard.

I think there is only one other occasion when I felt more absurdly ridiculous when on duty, and that was one day when riding from Regent's Park Barracks to visit our guard at Whitehall one very frosty morning. Just as

ESCORTING AN EASTERN POTENTATE

I was crossing the busiest part of Piccadilly, my horse's hind legs suddenly slid from under him ; and he sat down like a dog, depositing me, luckily on my feet, beside him. After holding up the whole Piccadilly traffic for a while, with the help of a friendly policeman and some hansom-cab drivers, I was able to get my horse on his legs again and proceed on my way.

During the week of the royal wedding the Shahzada was one of the royal guests in London, and it was my job to escort him to one or two functions. He was immensely pleased with the appearance of his escort, and it was reported that, before returning to his home, he offered to buy from Queen Victoria the whole troop to take back to his own country. Another offer which he was said to have made was to buy from George Edwards the whole chorus of ladies from the Gaiety Theatre. But in those days I fancy their combined price would have been a bit more than even an Oriental Prince would have liked to part with.

Not long after this I saw some service on the Staff in the Southern District. At this time Sir John Davis was G.O.C. at Portsmouth, one of the finest old sportsmen who ever wore

Her Majesty's uniform. He was a constant visitor for shooting and fishing at my father's house. He was very bitter against certain politicians, and against Lord Wolseley's scheme for our modern army. Queen Victoria was very fond of him and on one occasion, after returning from a luncheon party at Osborne, he told me the following episode. "Her Majesty asked me to-day : ' Well, Sir John, and what do you think of my army now ? ' " To which I replied : ' Your Majesty, you have no army except on paper.' "

The end of this fine old soldier's life, as described to me afterwards, was I am sure just what he would have desired. He was a very fine fisherman and had a beautiful place in Ireland. One day he was fishing there with his favourite A.D.C., and, after a very good day's sport, they were both sitting on a grassy bank. Laying out the fish he had caught, the General said to his companion : " How many fish have you got ? " On seeing the whole bag he said : " Well, Charles, we have had many good days' sport together and this has been one of them ; but my day is done and I am going to die." And, without saying another word, the gallant old sportsman lay back on the grass and was dead in

THE MANŒUVRES OF 1898

a few moments—a terrible experience for his companion, who was one of his devoted admirers.

In 1898 I was appointed an A.D.C. to Sir Redvers Buller and accompanied him on the great manœuvres that year, which were the biggest thing of that kind ever held in England. These manœuvres were full of interesting episodes and memories to me, as Buller's army of some 30,000 men started by camping for many days on the edge of my father's estate. On the opening days the head-quarters staff of the army came to look at the operations, and my father entertained most of them at his house. I think we had then one of the most unique dinner parties ever held in a private house. In that party of some twenty persons the only two not in uniform were my mother and father. Of the Field-M Marshals, Generals, and Staff-Colonels present I recollect the following army celebrities : Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood ; Generals Sir William Butler, Thynne and Gossett ; Brigadiers Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Hallam Parr and Sir John French : besides many other men who have since risen to fame, and truly they were an interesting party for a

young soldier to see sitting at his father's table. Alas ! of all those present at that party, I believe the sole survivors to-day are Sir Ian Hamilton and myself.

On these manoeuvres Sir Redvers Buller had one of the narrowest escapes from death, or a broken back, that I ever saw. When I was riding one day with him across some moorland, his horse suddenly went up to its belly in a bog and, rolling over, threw the General heavily, as he was no light weight. Before I could get to him the horse, struggling, put its feet on the General's shoulders and back, and deliberately stood on him in order to extricate itself from the bog. On my coming to his rescue, and expecting to find his back seriously injured, I was relieved to be told : "Damn it all, catch my horse !"—but I know that for ages afterwards he carried the imprints of a horse-shoe on his back.

In these manoeuvres, which were long before the days of aeroplanes, balloons were much in use. One day a squadron of our cavalry galloped up to a captive enemy balloon with the Duke of Connaught's opposing forces, and shouted that its occupant was a prisoner. At which he shouted : "Not yet !"—and slipping his cable he floated away in the air. I believe

JOY IN A CAPTIVE BALLOON

when he finally landed he was several counties away from whence he had started.

If anyone is not a good sailor, I don't recommend him to try sitting in a captive balloon in a strong wind. I have tried it, and the dipping and rising of the balloon in the gusts of wind produces the most terrible kind of sea-sickness, even in the case of hardened observers.

On one occasion the G.O.C. wished to hear what the observer could see beyond a high range of hills. An A.D.C. was sent with the message, and on arrival found a major of the R.E. in charge of operations on the ground, whilst an unfortunate subaltern was being spun around in the balloon above. This was the conversation which ensued :

Major (shouting through a megaphone). What can you see now ?

Subaltern (aloft). Nothing, sir.

Major. Well, throw out some ballast and go higher.

(Then down came two or three sandbags from aloft.)

Major. What can you see now ?

Subaltern. Nothing, sir.

Major. Well, damn it, throw out everything in the balloon !

(Then down came more sandbags, followed by a box and a lot of tools. Finally, leaning over from the balloon, the subaltern was violently ill.)

Subaltern. I have thrown out everything in the balloon, including my guts, and I can't see anything now.—All of which was in due course repeated to Sir Redvers Buller, much to his amusement.

The South African War was full of the usual comedies and tragedies, and I will try to detail a few of those I remember best. During the battle of Spion Kop, when the Middlesex Regiment were holding on like grim death behind a rocky ridge swept with bullets, a very gallant but very deaf major, named Blake, walked calmly up to the front line, where the company, commanded by Captain Pemberton, was lying in extended order behind any available rocks. Standing erect Blake said to Pemberton: "What are your men all lying down like this for?" To which Pemberton replied: "Because of the bullets, sir." And although it was raining lead all around, Blake turned to him and said: "Bullets! Damn it, man, I don't hear any bullets!"

There was a well-known General Officer, who commanded one of our divisions, and he was notorious for his free flow of strong

language. When he was at Standerton in the Orange River Colony, and we were in Natal, Buller wished to send him some despatches, and a dashing young cavalry officer, known to his friends as Pinkie Campbell, was selected for the task ; and this was his description to me afterwards of what happened.

On arrival at Standerton, he found that the whole force had moved out the town a day before but, following their line of march, he finally caught up the column. On asking for the General he was told that he had just gone to where the baggage column were stuck in a donga, or deep water-course. Campbell arrived there just as the G.O.C. had reached the scene of turmoil going on in the donga.

A young subaltern, who was in charge of the baggage column and who had not seen the arrival of the General, was sitting on his horse and cursing the conductors and drivers in every language at his command. Suddenly, turning round, he saw the General sitting quietly on his horse a few yards behind and listening to his language. Getting very red in the face and saluting, the subaltern blurted out : " I beg your pardon, sir, I did not know you were here." " Never mind, my boy," said the General ; " carry on ! You are doing

very well. And when you have finished I will say a few words to the d——d b——s myself.”

Then, turning round, he in turn spotted Campbell and, seeing he was a stranger, he said : “Who the devil are you and what the hell do you want?” On being told he bore despatches from General Buller to him he said : “Oh yes, they call me bloody T—— and that’s my name all right.”

There are stories galore about this General, who was universally beloved by his men and officers in spite of the way he let off steam occasionally by cursing them. Once at Standerton he had with difficulty acquired one of the big “cow guns”; so called because these great 4·7 and 9·4 guns took teams of oxen to move them. This gun the General, who was daily expecting a big attack on the town, had placed in a carefully concealed gun epaulement, with strict orders that it was on no account to be fired without his orders, as he meant it to be a pleasant little surprise for the Boers. However, during a small attack on the outposts one day, a bunch of Boers were observed by the gunners in an exposed position, well within range of the big gun. On which the subaltern in charge of it, throwing caution and discipline to the winds, gave orders to fire

one shot. This was done with remarkable success, and was attended by a reduction in the number of the attackers. But on hearing this gun discharged the General was furious, and at once sent for the officer in charge. Knowing that he was in for trouble, he had made up his mind to tell a yarn about the episode.

It so happened that this was the General's birthday, and most of the troops knew it. On appearing before his chief the subaltern was received with a stronger string of adjectives than usual, and a demand to know why he had disobeyed orders. "Well, sir," he said, "it's like this. The men knew it was your birthday, and they simply could not resist firing off one shot of that gun by way of a salute in your honour." "That will do, you d——d young liar," said the General; "and I have a d——d good mind to have you court-martialled." But he never did. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the details in this last yarn, as I did not hear it on the spot, but it was typical of the General and his men.

The most celebrated story about him in South Africa was this. It is a real old chestnut, and is known to many soldiers to-day. His division was to be reinforced before advancing

to Pretoria by the addition of the crack infantry brigade in South Africa. This brigade arrived in two trains from Pretoria, and duly detrained at the station, where General T——r was waiting for them ; but the Brigadier himself was not with the troops. On asking what had happened to him, the General was informed that he was following behind in a saloon car lent him from G.H.Q. and drawn by a special engine.

Shortly afterwards, when the brigade was drawn up in front of the station, the special saloon arrived, and as the Brigadier stepped out on the platform the General in a towering rage said at the top of his voice, “ Oh, so you have come at last, you Velvet A——B—— ! ” Now what these actual words were I will leave readers to guess, but the story was so widely broadcast at the time that it was known widely in army circles, and the gallant officer concerned was known to his dying day by the nickname of the V.A.B.

At one period in 1900 I found myself in command of a portion of the Cavalry Depot at Pietermaritzburg. At that time there was a wounded officer in hospital there who had part of the bone of his leg carried away by a “ pom-pom ” shell. It was afterwards

WITH THE ROYALS AT LADYSMITH reported that this wound had been healed by grafting on a portion of bone taken from the leg of a mastiff dog. This led to a tale which was widely circulated at the time and which stated that, although the operation was a complete success, the gallant officer was always inclined to display characteristics of an embarrassingly canine nature.

Throughout a great part of the South African campaign I served attached to the 1st Royal Dragoons, which at first were commanded by Burn-Murdoch and afterwards by Lord Basing. A finer lot of men and a nicer lot of officers could not have been found in the British Army than those who composed the Royals at that time.

Shortly after the relief of Ladysmith I went with a squadron of the Royals to take up a line of outposts on the outskirts of the town. On arrival one evening at the outpost line I found the officer in command was a Captain Stainer of the Gloucesters, and he told me that his men would give over the outpost line to us next morning, and meanwhile we could take a rest.

Late that night, when sitting with Stainer before a camp fire, as we had no tents on that campaign, we were startled by the sound of a

shot from one of the sentries. Immediately the whole camp stood to arms, and we went to investigate the cause of trouble. This was an extraordinary episode which proved lucky for one of the Gloucester men. It appeared that No. 1 of the double sentries had partially dozed off when standing on his post and, on coming to his senses again, he saw a man advancing towards him in the dark. Quite forgetting that he had a companion on his beat, the half-awakened man challenged the other. His mate, not thinking he was the cause of the alarm, halted and turned to his front, striving to see what he supposed the other man had seen ; whereupon No. 1, on receiving no answer to his challenge, promptly fired at No. 2, but fortunately missed him at about twenty paces. It was only then that No. 2 realized his danger, and shouted to his mate not to shoot again. As I said at the time, it only shows how badly a man shoots when he is suffering from "buck fever."

I once had a curious experience in a Boer farm which we raided to round up some snipers. On going into the farm there lay on the table an old copy of *Country Life, Illustrated*, of a date some twelve months previous. On the pages which lay open were pictures of my

TROOPER TOM'S LETTER

falconers and myself, with an article I had written at the time.

In 1900 I served for some time on the staff of General Burn-Murdoch, who was then commanding a cavalry brigade. His A.D.C. was then the Marquis of Tullibardine, the present Duke of Atholl, who was known to his friends as "Bardy." He and I shared the same quarters for some time at head-quarters in Newcastle, Natal.

Part of Bardy's duties consisted of sorting the mails on arrival, and one day, when we were doing this and opening our own letters at the same time, he made the mistake of opening a letter to his soldier servant, which was addressed to Trooper —, c/o The Marquis of Tullibardine, etc. Before he had time to realize the mistake, he had read a little of the letter. It was obviously from another officer's servant in the Blues to his own servant, and was written on crested paper, as far as I can remember, from a well-known house in Yorkshire; and this was the first part of the letter :

"MY DEAR TOM,—

I hope this finds you as it leaves me at present, fine and well. I do wish you and your bloke

SOLDIERING

was here with me and mine. This is the finest house I ever stayed in. There are lashings of drinks, and good-looking bits of skirt on every floor."

So far he read and no further ; but no doubt on getting the letter from his bloke, the noble Marquis, Trooper Tom thought he would like to change jobs with his pal in Yorkshire for awhile.

Long after the relief of Ladysmith we captured a Boer prisoner, and he told an interesting story of the disastrous battle of Spion Kop.

He said that on the night of the great fight when Thorneycroft's men and the Middlesex Regiment, etc., had put up such a gallant fight, the Boers thought the hill was lost, and evacuated the hill in the night. He himself, however, remained near the hill, as he had left a wounded comrade on the top, and wanted to see if he could not rescue him. At daybreak next morning, not seeing any movement on the hill, he crawled up to where he had left his friend, expecting every moment to be shot at.

Finally he found his wounded pal, and asked, "Where are the English ?" On receiving the

reply that the other Boer had seen no one, he crawled to the ridge and looked over ; when he discovered to his intense astonishment that our troops had evacuated their positions. Going at once to where he had left his horse, he galloped after the retreating Boer forces ; and finally they returned and reoccupied the hill. But he stated that a bugler-boy could have walked up alone and occupied Spion Kop for several hours that morning and during the previous night. When we think what might have happened, and what might have been prevented if only Thorneycroft's gallant request had been granted—"Send my men food and water and we will stay here all night,"—well, we can only say that this was one of war's tragedies.

But possibly an even greater tragedy was the loss by my old friend Colonel Charles Long of his guns at Colenso. I afterwards heard both sides of the story from himself and from Sir Redvers Buller, and also the account of the episode from the officer in charge of the infantry ground scouts in front of the artillery, and I can only come to the conclusion that Long, who was known as the Galloping Gunner, thought he could repeat his performance at Atbara, where he galloped for-

ward and at short range blew a Dervish zareba sky high. He had undoubtedly at one time done all that was asked of him ; but alas ! for guns that gallop in the open against modern rifle fire at a short distance !

Long could not do at Colenso what he had done at Atbara, and this was another of the tragedies in the relief of Ladysmith. Certainly it afforded an exhibition of gallantry on the part of Buller's staff ; but although this gained for them several well-earned Victoria Crosses, yet the loss of such lives as young Roberts was a tragedy beyond description.¹

After the relief of Ladysmith and just before the battle of Almond's Neck, an amusing episode took place. We had attached to us a portion of Strathcona's Horse, under the command of a Captain Adams, who often told me that his Canadian troopers were good lads in a tight place, but at times they ignored the meaning of that word discipline. One day they were reconnoitring and saw a white flag hoisted on a Boer farmhouse. This was generally recognized as a sign that there were women and children, or non-combatants, in the house.

¹ Only two weeks after writing the above I received news of Colonel Charles Long's death at the age of 83.

STRATHCONA'S MEN DEAL JUSTICE

Believing this to be the case, the Strathcona troopers rode up to the house to investigate. As they were going into the house, fire was suddenly opened on them by six Boers, who were hiding behind rocks a few hundred yards away. The result was that one trooper was killed and others wounded. Without a moment's hesitation the others jumped on their horses, and galloped straight for the rocks from whence the firing had come.

This was more than the Boers had bargained for and, not liking the look of things, they mounted their horses and made off towards the hills. But the Canadians were too well mounted for the Boer ponies and soon headed them off from the hills ; on which they turned and galloped back to the farm, with the Canadians following and firing at them all the time. The Boers had not time to put up any defence before the Canadians were on their heels, and made prisoners of the lot.

Now as they had been shot at under the white flag, the Strathcona men decided to administer on the spot what they considered to be summary justice. Accordingly, having found a convenient beam in a barn, and plenty of strong rope, they rigged up six ropes and announced that the Boers would be hanged at

once. Meanwhile, however, one of the Boers, who had been badly wounded, died ; but the remaining five were duly executed by hanging.

Now it happened that just at this time one of our highest staff officers was riding in the vicinity, and on hearing the firing he rode up to the farm to see what was happening. On arrival he was just too late to stop the executions, but on seeing what had happened he demanded to know who was responsible for this.

The Staff Officer then said the whole affair was disgraceful, and that the Boers should have been taken back to camp as prisoners, and also that all those concerned in the outrage would probably be tried by court-martial. Whereupon one of the Canadians walked up to him and, pointing to the sixth rope, which had not been used, said : " Say, young man, you had better not make too much noise about it ! There's still another rope."

I often wondered in later years, when he was a Corps Commander in France and had many Canadians under him, if this great officer ever remembered his first experience with Canadians on the battlefield.

I did not see the final scenes of the long-drawn-out South African campaign, as I was

RETURNING FROM SOUTH AFRICA
invalided home in 1901. A great part of the C.I.V.'s were sent home at the same time, and on landing at Southampton the following incident occurred. The C.I.V.'s were having a tremendous reception and ovation from friends waiting to welcome them ashore. Many of them were carried triumphantly down the gangways on the shoulders of enthusiastic friends and admirers. By some mistake an invalided cockney of some line regiment was shouldered and carried ashore at which he strongly protested, shouting out : " Hi ! Gor blimey put me down ! I ain't no bloomin' 'ero. I am only a poor bloody reglar."

The home-coming of the Royals was attended by tragedy and comedy. The first was the case of Jemima. Now Jemima was an old hen of some unknown breed, which had been through the siege of Ladysmith and was wounded in the foot. She was adopted by the officers' mess, and throughout the whole campaign used to travel from place to place perched in the officers' mess waggon. She set sail from South Africa with the regiment, and actually arrived in sight of our shores when, alas ! whilst taking an airing on deck just before reaching the harbour, a puff of wind

caught her and she was blown overboard and drowned.

The comedy happened a little later and, as I did not see it, I will relate what was told me subsequently of the episode by a spectator. It may be remembered by many people that the Kaiser was at one time very Pro-Boer, and when he realized that he was backing the wrong horse he entirely changed his tune. One of his modes of returning to favour in English opinion was to compliment the performances of the Royals in South Africa, of which regiment he was then Colonel-in-Chief. Thus after one of the engagements in which the regiment did well, the Colonel received a telegram from the Kaiser which read : " Bravo, my gallant Royal Dragoons."

On arrival back in England at the end of the war the regiment went to Shorncliffe, and the Kaiser then decided to send a further token of esteem to his faithful regiment. This took the form of a huge laurel wreath as an emblem of victory, which was to be presented to the regiment on parade. For this purpose the whole regiment was paraded under the C.O., Lord Basing, at Shorncliffe. The German Military Attaché, a splendid specimen of the nobility in the uniform of the German

Imperial Guards, was ordered to present the wreath, and arrived on the parade ground mounted on a magnificent charger. The wreath was borne by a man whose part it was to deliver the wreath to the German officer, who in turn would deliver it to Lord Basing.

Now all went well in this brave and splendid scene until the Attaché proceeded to lean forward to take the wreath from the man who advanced to hand it to him. Then, suddenly, the charger took a dislike to the look of that wreath, and swerved away from it. The noble officer, who was leaning in one direction whilst his horse jumped in another, was precipitated head foremost through the gigantic laurel wreath, much in the same way as a performer jumps through a paper hoop in the circus. Now this may be a suitable performance for a man when dressed as a clown, but it evidently did not suit the ideas of the Kaiser as being the kind of performance for a German officer wearing a silver helmet and a magnificent blue and white uniform. Hence I believe it ultimately cost that officer his job as a Military Attaché, when his Imperial Majesty heard of the episode.

Not long after the South African War, when Sir Evelyn Wood was G.O.C. of the Southern

District, I accompanied him on a tour as his temporary A.D.C. On this trip he told me a number of amusing stories about himself, and here is one of them. He had been spending a short holiday at the Lakes of Killarney. And, as he said himself: "Although I am very deaf, I hear the things I am not supposed to hear." On arrival at his hotel he went and sat in the lounge, and near him were two old ladies talking, whose conversation he heard.

One of them said: "Oh, my dear, do you know Sir Evelyn Wood is coming here to-night?" Her companion retorted: "Sir Evelyn Wood! Who is he? I never heard of him." "Oh, my dear," said the first old lady, "I thought you must have heard of him. He is the celebrated admiral who commanded the troops at the siege of Sebastopol." And the General concluded: "There was some truth in it, you know, because I was in the trenches as a midshipman at Sebastopol." It was here that he won his V.C. which, in consequence, used to puzzle some young soldiers who did not know his history, as he wore the blue ribbon of the naval Victoria Cross.

He wanted me to accompany him as A.D.C. on the occasion of King Edward's coronation,

but unfortunately I was prevented from doing this at the last moment and, according to his account afterwards, I missed an amusing sight. He was very susceptible to a beautiful woman and, during the procession, a very charming lady of his acquaintance waved her hand to him from a balcony. He, throwing discretion to the winds, wafted a kiss with his hand to her. But a very exalted personage in the procession observed the episode and, as Sir Evelyn said to me, "I was quite properly put on the mat for it afterwards."

He was full of vitality even in his old age, and when he was Adjutant-General at the War Office, I have seen him in uniform play tennis for a whole afternoon with my sisters.

I have seen something of most of the great armies in the world, but the troops which impressed me most as a perfect fighting machine were the Japanese infantry. I attended some of the final scenes at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, and one of the most impressive sights I ever saw was the review in 1906, by the Mikado in person, of his victorious troops at Tokio.

Contingents from every regiment which fought in the war marched past, bearing with

them their regimental flags which had been carried throughout the campaign. These flags and their poles riddled with holes torn in them by shells and bullets, and many of the troops were still in rags, as they wore their old uniforms. The huge Hibeia Park was lined with scores of big guns, taken from Port Arthur and the Russian fleet. Thousands of rifles, swords and lances, etc., were stacked, and placed in lines all across the park, whilst the stacks of great shells and other munitions of war were bewildering. The whole scene reminded one of pictures one sees of the ancient triumphal marches of the Roman Emperors.

At this review my companion was a German sportsman and traveller, and he, strictly contrary to instructions, had smuggled a small camera on to the parade ground. We were given a prominent place among the spectators and, as the Mikado passed close to us, my companion took a snapshot of him. Now in those days the Mikado was considered so sacred that his subjects were not often allowed to see him, and until almost about that time, if he drove through the streets, the people were confined to their houses with the blinds drawn down. Much elated, therefore, was

LOYALTY IN JAPAN

my German friend at getting such a unique photograph of His Majesty. But being keen to have his films developed, he took them to a leading photographer in Tokio. All his other photos of the troops, etc., were excellent ; but the one of the Mikado had some drops of acid spilt on the film, so that it entirely obliterated his face and head. So much for the loyalty of even a Japanese photographer's assistant !

SOLDIERING (*continued*)

THE Great War which started in 1914 was so full of tragedies, that they overshadowed even the best of its comedies. Nevertheless there are many incidents which make one smile, and many others one can never forget in retrospect.

On the day that war was declared between Austria and Servia, I had been spending the previous night as a guest on board H.M.S. *Neptune*, with the Grand Fleet then laying off Portland. Admiral Sir G. Warrender brought me ashore in his launch, as the fleet had received instructions to leave at once under sealed orders. I remained for a long time afterwards on shore, watching that imposing array of something like 160 ships leaving their anchorages. As this was the finest and most powerful fleet ever assembled in the world's history, the like of which will probably never be seen again, it was a sight which many of the spectators will never forget.

During the early days of the war I was

one of the Recruiting Staff Officers in the London District, and those were hectic days whilst we raised the first 300,000 men for Kitchener's army. The sight of that enormous daily queue waiting outside our offices at Old Scotland Yard, and reaching in its hundreds far down and along Parliament Street, was an enthusiastic example of national patriotism.

My evenings and nights were generally occupied by making patriotic speeches for recruits at leading music-halls and town halls, etc., throughout London. One evening, when addressing a mass meeting at the London Opera House, with Seymour Hicks in the chair and Horatio Bottomley as the other speaker, I remember a man in the audience standing up and shouting at me: "I want to join up, but they won't have me as I have bad teeth. What abaht it?" To which I replied promptly: "Come up to Whitehall to-morrow morning. I will take you. I don't want you to eat the Germans but to fight them!" This seemed to please the audience, and a number of men who appeared as recruits next day.

It was curious how long it took some people to realize that there was a war going on in 1914. Several weeks after war had been declared

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two Red Cross nurses arrived to lunch at one of Brighton's leading hotels, and as they were in uniform certain dear old ladies lunching at an adjacent table raised a protest with the manager of the restaurant. Presumably, the old women were influential clients, because the two nurses were finally asked to lunch elsewhere in the hotel as their uniform gave offence to certain clients in the restaurant. One of the nurses happened to be the sister of an officer who knew that particular hotel very well. He immediately took a line of action which I thoroughly approved. He wrote to the manager of the hotel and said that the episode had been reported to him by his sister, and, in conclusion, he said: "I am more surprised at your action, when it is a well-known fact that for years you have thrown your doors wide open to women of the oldest profession, and yet you now wish to close them to women of the noblest profession in the world."

In October, 1914, I was in France, and the first day I remember being anywhere near the front I was standing on a station platform, near the railhead, talking to a number of wounded men, waiting for an ambulance train to take them back to Blighty. A trainload of Kitchener's boys, full of enthusiasm, passed

us slowly on its way to the front. Seeing the wounded men on the platform they waved their hands and shouted : “ Are we downhearted ? No ! ” Whereupon a badly wounded old warrior, to whom I was talking, said : “ No, sir ; but they bloody soon will be.”

On a similar kind of occasion I was greeted at one of the railhead stations by a man whom I did not recognize, but who claimed that the last time he saw me was when I was floating on an ice berg in the Behring Sea. It turned out that I had met him at Nome in Alaska after my coming south from the Arctic Ocean. He was one of those globe wanderers we find at strange places all over the world, and incidentally was heir-presumptive to a Scottish dukedom. But, as he was a bit over age for a soldier, they had given him a job as an interpreter. And he had a very amusing story to tell of a recent experience. He was remarkable for his free flow of strong language, and this is what he said :

“ Now I don’t know the first d——d thing about soldiering, but the other day I was up here at the railhead with nothing to do, and was watching a young R.T.O. trying to unload a train. But he could not speak the lingo and was not making much progress with his

staff of foreigners. Seeing this I said : ‘ Let me have a go at that job,’—and I got busy and cursed the French labourers in every known tongue, with the result that I soon got that blinking train unloaded.

“ Another d——d train soon came in and I said to the R.T.O., ‘ Here, you had better get to hell out of it, and leave this job to me, as I’ve nothing to do at present.’ So he went off, and I soon got that second train unloaded.

“ Soon after this a lot of officers rode up, and one of them said to me : ‘ Are you the R.T.O. ? ’ I said : ‘ No. I am only a bloody interpreter.’ He said : ‘ Why are you unloading trains, and how long have you been unloading this one ? ’ I said : ‘ Oh, that d——d R.T.O. can’t speak the lingo of these blasted fools, so I took on the job of unloading this train for him, and I unloaded two trains in about two hours.’ He said : ‘ Well, that’s not bad work, and what are you going to do now ? ’ So I said : ‘ Well, as there don’t seem to be any more trains about I suppose I can bloody well bunk off.’ To which he replied : ‘ Well, since you put it like that you can bloody well bunk off, but it’s not quite the way to talk to your Corps Commander, and my name is General Haig.’ Nice for me,

said my friend, but how the hell was I to know he was a d——d General? ”

I was told of an amusing incident at a Parisian telephone exchange during the war.

The wife of one of the French ministers, who was holding a position equivalent to our Postmaster-General, was anxious to get through a call to a personal friend at a very busy time in the day. Having failed in several attempts to do this, she finally asked to speak to the Supervisor. On the latter answering the 'phone, the irate lady said, "I can't understand why there is all this delay in getting my call through." The Supervisor, who was also a woman, said, "I assure you, madame, we have done our best." "Well, replied madame, I don't think you have done so and I shall report your exchange to my husband for inattention to calls. I am Madame X, wife of the Minister, Monsieur X." Promptly came back the reply, "Oh, very well, madame, that will be all right. Please go ahead and do so. I am the mistress of Monsieur X."

Early in 1915 I was invalided to that magnificent hotel at Cimiez, Nice, which was then being run as a hospital at the private expense and generosity of a well-known English peer. Never did I think a short time

before that I should one day roam along one of my favourite haunts, the terrace at Monte Carlo, whilst dressed in an English uniform. But such I did, to my intense satisfaction, as a change from the dirt and cold of France and Flanders.

On one occasion I found myself President of a court-martial, trying a very difficult case at Rouen. Now this was a case in which many languages were spoken, and, as some of the foreign witnesses were women, I obtained the services of a woman interpreter. I don't think I ever heard so much lying in any case and, although I can usually judge if a man is lying, I can never tell when an expert woman does so.

After hearing the evidence of one particularly shrewd woman, I asked the lady interpreter privately if she thought the last witness was telling a parcel of lies. "Yes, certainly," was her reply. "But," I queried, "how do you know that?" "Oh, because she lied in just the same way as I should have done it myself," was the answer I got. I remember afterwards, in summing up the case to the young officers of the court, that I said to them: "Gentlemen, I have not much difficulty in deciding who was lying in this case ;

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT

my only trouble is to decide who was lying the least."

As most of the episodes I saw in France were of a sad nature, I will pass them over and move to most cheerful scenes of the campaign. In April 1915, I was transferred from France to Egypt, and arrived there just after the Turks had attacked and nearly crossed the Suez Canal.

I shall never forget my first impressions of Cairo at that time. On arrival at the station I was met by Prince Alexander of Battenberg and the Marquis of Anglesey, who were both on the Head Quarters Staff, and who apparently had mistaken me for a much more important personage who was then expected to arrive. However, they very kindly escorted me to Shephard's Hotel, where I was told I had better take up my quarters. Shephard's Hotel at that time reminded me strongly of what it was like at the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, during the Boer War; where it used to be said that at 7 a.m. they rang what was called a sorting bell, for people to find their own rooms.

As it was getting late in the evening, and as I had been some time without a meal, I

decided to make tracks for the excellent grill-room. I was rather struck with a notice in the entrance hall, saying that "A military band will perform this evening in the gardens during dinner, and afterwards there will be a ball in the Grand Hall."

I started my meal in the grill-room alone, but soon there arrived great numbers of yeomanry officers and others in full mess kit, accompanied by lovely ladies in dazzling jewellery and resplendent evening gowns. I saw that I was recognized as a stranger and that, moreover, I was conspicuous for being the only man in the room in khaki, and, as my kit was ragged and dirty, I never felt more like a fish out of water in my life. I soon made a dash out of that place, and on meeting a friend in the hall I remember saying to him: "For heaven's sake tell me is there a war on here or not?"

It was about this time that Lord Kitchener arrived in Egypt and made his celebrated query of a well-known General: "I want to know if you think the canal is here to defend Egypt, or if you are here to defend the canal?"

My first job in Egypt was to assist in organizing the great Remount Depots at Abbasia, near Heliopolis, then under the command of

Colonel Darby, a charming gunner officer. The Director of Remounts was Colonel Fair, D.S.O., at Head Quarters. This officer, by an amazing amount of hard work and efficiency, had got together a huge mass of horses, over three thousand in number, and they were all picketed with head and heel ropes on the open desert sands, and mostly attended by native syces. Needless to remark the horses were constantly breaking loose, as they were many of them of the wildest bronco type from America and Australia. In consequence scores of them were running loose on the desert, with no means of catching them. But eventually, with the help of some Australian and Canadian cowboys, we organized a party to ride down and rope these wild mustangs, and great sport they gave us before they were finally coralled.

Later on I found myself for a time in charge of a great part of these Remount Depots, and as by that time we had a large number of Australian cavalymen on the Depot staff, the job of keeping order was no sinecure. For a time I had an Australian officer as Adjutant, and it annoyed me to see his own men pass him every time without saluting, whilst the English soldiers always did so.

Speaking to him one day on this subject I

said : " I wish you would make your men salute you when you meet them in the Depot, etc. Tell them that you do not ask this as a mark of respect to you personally, but to His Majesty's uniform which you and I wear." Shortly afterwards I happened to be standing in the road, and saw the Adjutant meet three of his men who, as usual, proceeded to pass him smoking cigarettes and not saluting. He stopped them and, after a few words, they all gave him a half-hearted and awkward salute and passed on.

Later on I asked him what he had said to the men. Apparently when he queried them *re* not saluting, and told them that as an officer and their adjutant they must salute him, one of the men saluted and said : " Oh, you're in luck ! That's all there is to it."

On another occasion when I was going round an Australian camp with the G.O.C., who was accompanied by the Australian C.O., a man looked out of a tent as the procession passed, and shouted to his Colonel : " Good morning, Harry ; won't you come in and have a drink ? " These kind of things were amusing, but needless to say they were not conducive to discipline : and although the Australians were undoubtedly the finest troops

AUSTRALIANS SET FIRE TO CAIRO

we had, when called upon to "go over the top," they were the devil to handle in a peaceful spot like Cairo.

In consequence the Australian troops in and around Cairo, when later on they numbered many thousands, became a source of anxiety to the Head Quarters Staff. Particularly so was this the case when on two occasions, to show their dislike of certain residents in the town, they twice set fire to a row of houses in Cairo, not far from the front of Shepherd's Hotel.

On the occasion of the last of these outbreaks, I was dining at Shepherd's with General Spens, who was then commanding the troops in Cairo. Shortly after dinner, seeing flames in the streets, we went to the spot and found hundreds of Australians hurling furniture from the windows of houses, and making bonfires in the streets. On the arrival of fire brigades, they cut the hoses and went on with their destruction, quite overwhelming the police forces meanwhile. It was only when the G.O.C. called out a force of English cavalry that we were able to quell the disturbance, and save the town from probable destruction.

Like many other troubles, unlimited drink was the cause of a lot of trouble in those days, and the bars and low-class drinking houses

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were open in Cairo then until all hours of the night and mornings. I had always advocated closing all drinking places in Cairo at 9 p.m., and in fact giving the inhabitants a touch of dear old D.O.R.A., which was then in force at home. Finally this was done by General Spens, and shortly afterwards, at about 9.30 one evening, I was sitting on the veranda of Shephard's with the General. Our feet were almost touching the heads of the dense crowds passing along the main street, just below where we sat.

Presently a group of Australians stopped just below us and, looking up, no doubt recognized us. The following conversation took place in loud tones.

"Come on, Bill, let's go into this hotel. That's where all the Staff live, and you bet you can get a drink there after hours all right."

"No, you can't, boys. I tried it myself the other night," said another trooper. To which his friend replied :

"Oh, hell, boys, come on ! I reckon if a man can't get full before 9 o'clock he ain't d——d well trying."

At a later date I was honoured by holding the temporary appointment of A.A.G. to the

A GENERAL IN THE BARBER'S SHOP
I.G.C., Sir E. Altham, who was then G.O.C. of all the forces in Egypt south of the Canal. This able soldier was the finest administrator under whom I have personally served, and he had come to Egypt after doing masterly work in the deplorable evacuation of Gallipoli. We had in our sphere of operations a certain General B——, who commanded a big garrison town, and here is a good story which he even told against himself.

Owing to some misbehaviours he had occasion to interview certain young officers under his command, and in military parlance he properly "put them on the mat." A few days later he was having his hair cut at the leading barber's shop of the town, which as usual was full of officers. When finished the barber said: "Will you have some of our special aromatic hair-wash on your hair, sir?" "Oh, no, thanks," said the General. "If I have that on my hair my wife would think I had been visiting one of the local haunts of vice." Just at that moment another assistant finished cutting his client's hair, and addressed to him the same question *re* the aromatic hair-wash. To which the young officer replied: "Oh, yes, thanks, you can put some on. My wife knows nothing about haunts of vice."

And on turning to look at the speaker the General recognized one of the young gentlemen he had recently "put on the mat."

In those days Egypt was a paradise for soldiers, even under campaigning conditions, and personally I was even more fortunate than many others. I had a friend in one of the great Copt families, named Zaki Wissa Bey, who owned two magnificent dahabiehs. One of these, well named *The Nile Palace*, he generously gave to me as a home. She was a splendid boat with great deck space, large saloons, and beautiful bed- and bath-rooms, fitted luxuriously by Maple & Co. and lighted by electric light. I very soon exchanged the stuffy quarters in the town for this splendid boat on the Nile ; where for over a year I did things in style, and entertained my friends and brother officers in a way I could never have attempted to do in a place like Shepherd's Hotel.

I shall never forget a dinner party I gave one night just before the gallant Yeomanry Division left Cairo under General Peyton to their disastrous venture on Gallipoli. At that party there were General Peyton, General Kenna, V.C., Colonels Sir John Milbanke, V.C., Lord Longford, T. Shepherd, D.S.O.,

GALLIPOLI, TRAGEDY AND HUMOUR
and Sir Thomas Lees, A.D.C. A few days later they landed at Gallipoli and, in a mad and hopeless attack on the impregnable Turkish position, all these gallant officers, with the exception of General Peyton, were killed.

A very amusing incident took place during our disastrous campaign at Gallipoli, and as the story has been told with a certain addition which I believe is imaginary but improves the yarn as originally told to me, I give it with this embellishment. A certain well-known general was in the habit of making a personal inspection of the front line of trenches at unexpected moments—a practice which, apart from his own personal danger, was often embarrassing to some of the officers and men who were not expecting the G.O.C. One day a company of a certain well-known line battalion was in the trenches, and a subaltern discovered that somehow one of his sergeants had obtained a lot of drink and was blind drunk. Suddenly word was passed that the G.O.C. was coming along the trenches.

The query then was what to do with the drunken man. But being a resourceful youth the subaltern immediately gave orders to cover up the sergeant with a tarpaulin, and pre-

tend he was dead. On reaching the spot the General, seeing the sergeant's legs protruding from under the tarpaulin, said to the subaltern : " What's this ? Another casualty ? " " Yes, sir," was the reply. Raising his hand to his cap the General said : " I salute the honoured dead," and passed on. But just as he was passing the corpse a voice came from it, saying : " What does the old blighter say now ? "

The last sentence has, I believe, been added to a true story, as I was told that the subaltern " got away with his bluff."

It is a universally acknowledged fact that in any country engaged in a big war the ordinary code of morals is, to a great extent, disregarded. In this respect, Egypt was decidedly a blatant example of laxity during the Great War, and it was whilst holding a staff appointment there that the following account of an episode came to my knowledge.

A certain Australian officer was somewhat unique in that he did not approve of the morals of most ladies he met in Egypt, but one day he was ordered for a spell of duty in England and he set off full of hope that there at least he might encounter a modest and pure girl. He was not very satisfied with the state

of affairs he saw in places like Piccadilly, etc. Being a complete stranger in London, he had no one with whom he could share his hopes and fears. One day, finding himself in the crowds of Trafalgar Square he walked up to a policeman and said, "Excuse me, but could you tell me where in all this crowd of people, I could really see a maiden." The policeman looked at him queerly for a moment, and, noticing he was a captain, he pointed to Lord Nelson's statue, and said, "Well, sir, if you will go and stand at the foot of the monument over there, no doubt you will see one pass before long." This he duly did, but after a time he returned to the policeman and said, "Yes, I have seen a lot of nice girls go by, but how am I to recognize one of these good ladies if she passes?" "Oh, sir," replied the constable, "that is easy, because, since the war has been on, when one of them, over 19 or under 90 years of age, passes the statue, Lord Nelson takes off his hat and the lions begin to roar."

When in 1918 the armistice was declared, one might reasonably have expected to see a spell of peace. So in November of that year I rented the shooting on the Island of Tiree, which I had always wanted to have, as it is

the finest snipe shooting in Great Britain. But alas for expectations ! I had not yet finished seeing something more of war. For a few days later I received orders to report at the War Office, and was asked if I would go as G.S.O. on a military mission to Roumania and the Balkan States, with which countries I was fairly familiar. So at forty-eight hours' notice I started with two other officers *en route* to Bucharest. But as at that time General Mackensen and a German army were still in Roumania, it took us some time to get there. In fact we were about ten times as long doing the trip from London to Bucharest as it took to do in times of peace.

We travelled via France to Taranto in the South of Italy. The crowded trains and continual delays at places like Genoa and Rome, etc., made this part of the journey tedious, but it was nothing to what was to follow. From Taranto we sailed for Greece, on a boat overcrowded with Serbian troops and refugees, until we landed and went by motor to Itea in Greece. There we picked up what remained of a train with no glass in the windows, no lights, and broken doors, etc., and after a long, bitterly cold journey we arrived at Salonika. Here we were hung up again, as

it was hoped we should be able to get overland, through Serbia, to Roumania. But, owing to blown-up railways and roads blocked with snow, this was impossible. Fortunately for me the G.O.C. then at Salonika was my old friend General Douglas Hall, and, after entertaining me hospitably at G.H.Q., he advised our going by a destroyer to Mudros. This we did, getting a taste of the pleasures of life when going thirty knots in a destroyer through a rough sea.

Arrived at Mudros we had to wait until the first lot of transports attempted to get through the Dardanelles, which were then still full of floating mines. Finally we set out in a vessel carrying a cargo of coal, etc., and the first merchantman to attempt the passage of the Dardanelles, and, escorted by minesweepers, we proceeded at a snail's pace to Constantinople. Most of us expected to be blown sky high, as long after we had passed through the Dardanelles ships were being blown up by undiscovered mines. However, we arrived at Constantinople after an interesting trip, and a chance of seeing the strong Turkish positions from which their forces had recently retired. We lay alongside the celebrated *Goeben*, which had just hauled down her

flag and surrendered on the arrival of General Milne and his forces in the town.

After a few days in Constantinople we started through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. And here indeed it was a case of going "by guess and by God"; as no one knew where the Russian mines were which had been laid by the Czar's fleet which had now turned Bolshevik, and did not care how many of the Allies' ships might be blown up. However, we once more survived, and entered the Danube just as it was commencing to freeze up. At one time it looked as if we might not reach Galatz, which was our destination, as the river often freezes up quickly.

From Galatz to Bucharest the journey by train was a nightmare. The train had been looted of everything movable. No glass remained in the windows, no cushions or coverings to the woodwork, and no form of lighting. The engine burning only wood could hardly crawl along with an overloaded train; for not only were the carriages crowded with people fighting for standing room, but on the roofs were scores of miserable refugees of all nationalities. And as it was bitterly cold, these poor creatures kept dropping off like flies from time to time during that terrible night's journey.

Any form of food was utterly unobtainable throughout the whole journey, which occupied something like twenty-four hours. As there must have been something like thirty to forty degrees of frost, it can be imagined that travelling in a railway carriage with no windows left a good deal to be desired in the way of comfort, or possibilities of sleeping at night.

On arrival at Bucharest we found that Mackensen's troops had departed, after practically denuding the whole town and neighbourhood of everything in the way of food and drink, and the ordinary necessities of life.

I remember on arrival going with one of my companions, Major A. W. Barratt, to call at the British Legation, and as luck would have it Sir George Drummond, the Minister, had just arrived there from Jassy. Hearing that we had not had a decent meal for twenty-four hours he said : " Well, we have got nothing in Roumania to eat ; but you will find some biscuits in that box and my man will give you a cup of tea, but I have to go off at once."

Now Jim Barratt happened to have been at Jassy during the war, and knew Sir George very well. So no sooner had he gone than Barratt said : " If Sir George has not got a good stock of grub somewhere then I am a

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bad guesser ; as he was never known to be short of it even at Jassy." This led to a small search of the cupboards in the dining-room. And sure enough there were cakes, and jams, and delicacies from Fortnum and Mason's galore, and even champagne. Now this did not seem quite right to two starving British officers, so we helped Sir George to eat one of his fine cakes, and whether he missed it or not I can't say. In the light of events which happened afterwards I wish now that we had drunk a bottle of champagne.

It was not long before my great friend Prince Ghika arrived in Bucharest, and to celebrate the arrival of our mission he decided to give a dinner party at Capsas, the best restaurant in the town. But the trouble was what to get to eat or drink. I was enabled to furnish whisky from a store which I had wisely brought from Constantinople ; and, to give some idea of what it was worth, I may say that the Russian Ambassador, with whom I became on friendly terms, begged me to sell him a dozen bottles, as he had not tasted good spirits for months. As it was hard to fix a price for whisky in Bucharest then, it was decided that we should write to the leading hotel in the town, and ask what they

would bid for one dozen of Dewar's whisky. Back came the reply that they would give the equivalent of £18 for it. At which I said to the Ambassador: "If that's not too dear for you, take the dozen." He was a very rich man and said: "My friend, that will be the cheapest thing I ever bought, and I will never forget your kindness." But I still think I ought not to have been such a profiteer, as it was pre-war whisky, bought at pre-war prices, and probably this was the record price ever paid for a dozen of whisky in those days.

But to return to that dinner party—Ghika left me to order for his party, insisting on champagne if it could be got, and with difficulty I succeeded in getting one very thin turkey at about ten times a pre-war price, and one hare from a country peasant. Two days' search in the town disclosed what was said to be the last bottle of champagne in the town, and the owner demanded £8 for it. Fortunately at that time Ghika was one of the richest men in Europe, so I purchased that bottle.

Now one bottle of champagne for six men is not much of a drink. But it meant none for some of us, because, when the bottle reached Sir George Drummond, who was one

of the guests, on seeing the bottle he said : " Ah, I am very fond of champagne, and we don't see it now in Roumania." And suiting the deed to the words, he kept the bottle by his side until it was empty. Fortunately I think General Ballard, our Military Attaché in Roumania, did get a glass of it, but the rest of us had to rely on my whisky.

Christmas is usually a festive time in Bucharest, but with the cloud of war still hanging over her, and fighting still going on at three different sides of her boundaries, and the whole country half-starving, Roumania was not a cheerful place on December 25th, 1918, which day I spent at the town of Jassy. It was not long after we arrived in Bucharest, that I set out on a series of visits to some of the fronts on which the Roumanian army was engaged in fighting the different nationalities who had mostly all turned Bolsheviks for the time being. My first expedition to one of the fighting fronts was to Bessarabia. I went as far as Kichinew with Jim Barratt, where we were hospitably entertained by Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy at their private house.

Then I paid an official visit to General Petrasku, G.O.C. of the 5th Army Corps. On learning that I was going to the Russian

frontier, he most kindly put at my disposal a private railway saloon, which belonged to General Prezan, the Chief of the Roumanian General Staff. This car, which was one of the few intact railway-carriages at that time in the country, had its own kitchen, saloon, and several good sleeping-berths. In this, with my own English soldier servant, and Roumanian soldier as guard, I was most comfortable for the first time in Roumania on this trip.

From Kichinew I went to Bender and Ackermann on the banks of the Dniester. On arrival at Bender, General Florescu and the officers of the 19th Brigade insisted on giving a ball in honour of my arrival. There were a hundred and twenty Roumanian officers, and all the ladies of the town, present at this function, which began with a great dinner party. At the close of the evening, after numerous patriotic and complimentary speeches had been made, three of the senior officers carried me on their shoulders to my carriage.

Not far from Bender there is a bridge across the Dniester, and we went there to look at the Bolshevik positions on the other side. We could see the Russian sentries at the far end

of the bridge, whilst Roumanian troops were guarding our end of it. News reached us here that Odessa, which was not far away, had just been sacked and looted by the Bolshevists, and that the French troops guarding the town had abandoned their positions without putting up a fight, and had gone aboard the fleet in the harbour. That night a stream of refugees tried to cross the bridge into Roumania, but were prevented by the Russians from doing so.

I had then with me a young Roumanian artillery officer, acting as a sort of bear-leader or A.D.C., and interpreter. His name was Lucasienwich, and that night late, just before I was turning into my bunk in the car, he came with the following message :

"Please, sir, there are two ladies outside want to see you."

"For heaven's sake," I replied, "I don't want to see ladies here ! What are they doing in this outlandish spot at this time of night ?"

"Well, it seems that they are two Russian refugees, who have somehow got across the bridge and have been arrested on this side by our police."

"But what the devil has that got to do with me ?" I replied.

"It is like this, sir. Our police have orders

to turn every refugee back if any get across the bridge, and I believe if these poor ladies are sent back it's certain death for them. They heard that a British officer was in this car, and the police officer has brought them here to see if you can do anything for them."

No matter how much I protested that I did not want to be mixed up in an affair which had nothing to do with me, Lucasienwich pleaded, until at last I said: "Damn it all, bring the women up! But if they can only talk Russian, you will have to do the talking."

Shortly afterwards the two ladies appeared, and I must admit my sympathies went out to them at once. They were both young and good-looking, and dressed in what had once been very expensive clothes. Their dresses and sable-trimmed coats were torn, their silk stockings and shoes in tatters, and they were covered with mud. I soon discovered that one of them spoke good French, and this was her story.

She was one of the leading ladies in the Odessa Opera House, and her companion was the wife of a high Russian officer who had just been murdered before her eyes. They had fled from Odessa, and with their last bits of jewellery and money they had bribed the

Bolshevik guards across the bridge to let them pass over it. But if sent back again these guards would certainly shoot them both and throw them into the river, to avoid their telling tales. Well, here was a conundrum for me !

At last I said to Lucasienwich, " Well, supposing I am prepared to risk taking these ladies to safety in this private carriage, how are we to square your captain of the police, who is outside, to hold his tongue ? "

" If I may suggest something, sir, it is this. You have several bottles of whisky in the car, and a bottle, as you know, is very valuable in Roumania just now. If you could spare one, and let me tell the police captain that you are a friend of our Queen, and will try to get these ladies back to Bucharest, and if there is trouble that you will intercede with Her Majesty on their behalf, I think it could be arranged."

" All right," I said ; " go ahead ! Do the best you can." Then I showed the ladies into two of the sleeping-bunks and said :

" Stay here out of sight for your lives, until we can get you out of this place to-morrow."

Finally I got them some way along the journey, but at one station, where I had to get out with Lucasienwich to see a Roumanian

general, I left the car in charge of a Roumanian sentry and my English soldier servant. We got back to the car only a few minutes before the train was leaving. On arrival there my servant said :

“ Beg pardon, sir, but there is a priest in our car.”

“ A priest ! And what the devil were you and the sentry doing to let him get in there ? ”

“ Beg pardon, sir, but the station-master brought him here, and told the sentry something I did not understand, and they put him into your sleeping-berth.”

By that time I was beginning to “ see red,” and, calling Lucasienwich, I went to my sleeper. And sure enough there, sitting on my bed, was a hoary-headed old Russian priest, in black flowing robes, with a high hat on his head, a flowing beard, and holding a huge white ivory staff. Now I said to Lucasienwich :

“ Ask that psalm-singing, sanctimonious old son of a gun what the devil he means by getting into a car bearing the inscription ‘ Reserved for British officers only ’ ? Can’t he read, and why is he sitting on my bed ? ”

After a long confab in Russian and Roumanian, Lucasienwich said :

“ Well, sir, it seems that there was no other

seat in the train, and the station-master told him to get in here ; and the sentry of course is frightened of a high church official like this man."

As the train was just starting I could do nothing, for I could not risk throwing the man out of a moving train. So I said :

"Tell this old man to get out of my sleeper and into the saloon at once."

Lucasienwich said : "He says that he is an Archbishop, and he is going to stay here." I replied :

"Now tell him I don't care if he is the Archangel Gabriel ! If he is not off that bed in two minutes, I will tell my servant to throw him out ; and if he can't do it I will do it myself, and kick his backside into the bargain."

Now how much of this was translated I don't know, as Lucasienwich was clearly afraid of the priest. But the latter did not like the look of me, and soon got up and left. I sent a message to him that he could sleep on the sofa in the saloon, and also I sent him some food. But there was I in a fix between the devil and the deep sea : with an archbishop in one end of the car and two smuggled ladies at the other ; and it required no little ingenuity to keep them out of sight of one

another, till I could unload this ornament of the Church at some station he wanted to reach.

Whilst I was at Bender an incident occurred which showed what one could expect from the savage brutality of the Bolsheviks. A report came in one night to say that a post which was held further up the river by a small detachment of Roumanian troops was heavily attacked by a force of Russians, who had crossed the river in boats. Colonel Prince Mourozi set out at once with a cavalry regiment to try and relieve the post. But on arrival he found the garrison all butchered, and three Roumanian officers crucified alive on crosses and their eyes put out. A Roumanian officer asked me afterwards what I would do in his place with a good number of Bolsheviks they took prisoners on the spot. I remember saying to him: "If you don't repeat this officially, I should collect the prisoners at the foot of those crosses, make them dig their own graves, and shoot the lot." And I have a shrewd suspicion, almost amounting to a certainty, that this was done.

Even in those early days of Soviet rule, the plight of the Russian peasants was terrible, but it is fifty times worse to-day. I asked a number of them which they preferred: life

under the Czar or under the Soviet. They replied : " Well, under the Little Father's rule at least we had some money and something we could buy. But now we have no corn left and no money ; and if we had any money there is nothing left for us to buy."

To anyone who heard and saw these things, it is amazing to think that our country should ever have had any dealings with Soviet Russia. Nothing but the fact that a number of people who had power over some of our socialist politicians were in the pay of Russia could account for such a state of affairs. And this I learnt afterwards in well-informed circles was undoubtedly a fact, and was responsible for that parrot cry in England of " Hands off Russia ! "

I had a personal friend who was a secret service official on the Russian frontier, and one of the most able and well-informed men in this work. He used to send home confidential reports on the true state of affairs in Russia, but he was warned that he must tone down his reports and make them more favourable to our good friends in Russia. As he refused to write anything but true facts, he was ultimately recalled by our socialist government, and replaced by another man who pre-

sumably did send home the required kind of reports. The Russian revolution and its aftermath will for ever remain the most terrible episode of modern times, and, in the opinion of many who know the facts, the way in which England has in recent years poured money into Russia, to the detriment of her own working-classes, will also stand out as the darkest blot on the policy of some of our politicians and wire-pullers. These men are clearly not protagonists of the flag of liberty under which they were born, but they are a disgrace to the name of Englishmen.

When finally I did return home in 1919, I found that people were beginning to forget that there ever had been a war. Some time after this was the last occasion when I wore His Majesty's uniform, and this was at a military ceremony at Spa in Belgium, when I was presented with the freedom of the town of Spa—an honour which I believe was only conferred on two other soldiers, who were Lord Haig and Marshal Foch, so at any rate I had two distinguished men as companions on the roll of *Citoyens de Spa*. Alas! I am now the sole survivor of the three.

Before leaving the subject of soldiering I must add two amusing episodes which hap-

pened in the last century. Colonel Napier Sturt, who was then commanding a battalion of the Foot Guards, was leading his battalion through the London streets and, losing his way at St. John's Wood, he halted the battalion. He sent word down the line for some of the subalterns to come to the head of the battalion, and when they had formed a line in front of him he said : " I have lost my way, and if any of you young gentlemen have a lady friend living near here, and know your way back to barracks, step forward and lead the battalion home." Whereupon it is reported that the whole line of subalterns advanced one pace to their front.

The other episode concerns the ingenuity of a soldier servant. An officer in my own regiment, when we were at Windsor, had just taken on a new man as his soldier servant and, although quite green at his job, decided to take him to his own home for a shooting-party. On arrival at his own station he was astonished to see his helmet-case put out with his luggage, and on asking his man why on earth he had brought his helmet, he received the reply : " Beg pardon, sir, but I could not find anything to put your sponges in, so I put them in the helmet-case."

Next morning his master told him to get his bath ready. Knowing nothing about bath-rooms, and not seeing the customary tin bath of the barracks in the bedroom, the man foraged about below stairs and, finding a large tin washing-pan in the kitchen, brought it to his master's room and proceeded to fill it, saying : "Beg pardon, sir, but I can't find any bath, so you will have to wash your feet in this to-day."

But a little later on he did better than this. He met the butler downstairs who said to him : "Here are some letters for the governor. You had better go to the pantry, get a silver waiter, and take the letters up to his room." Now the ingenious one had never seen or heard of a silver waiter ; but on looking around in the pantry he spotted a silver toast-rack, which was obviously made to hold letters. So placing them neatly in the divisions of the toast-rack, he carried the lot upstairs. I fear that this was the cause of his being sent back to regimental duty on his return to barracks, as being a little too intelligent for an officer's servant.

BOXING

I HAVE always loved watching a good fight when the combatants are well matched. Let it be only a cock-fight or a dog-fight, or two wild stags in the forest, they all appealed to me. But above all two well-matched men in a ring are the acme of all contests. There was a time when I preferred to be inside the ring rather than a spectator, but alas, now I am reduced to the rôle of an onlooker. I can understand the enthusiasm which must have been displayed at gladiators' contests in ancient times. But one thing I never could understand is the love of some people for a bull-fight.

It was many years before I saw a real bull-fight and, from all accounts of them, I was not prepared to enjoy it. Well, I can only say after seeing a few bulls butchered in the ring, that in my opinion if you want to see the cruellest and most unfair form of fighting go to a bull-fight. There you will see a magnificent animal goaded and tortured by a

crowd of men, until he is dead beat, when another man appears on the scene and kills him. The bull has not a thousand to one chance of ever leaving the ring alive, and that's the beginning and end of a bull-fight.

If one man tackled a bull and killed it unassisted, there might be an element of sport in it. But an ordinary bull-fight, with picadors and matadors, is without doubt the most disgusting spectacle I have ever seen. If I was sure that I would see one or two of the performers killed every day, I would go and applaud the bull ; but all you are likely to see, nine times out of ten, is a few decrepit horses sacrificed by the bull. Although a picador or matador is occasionally killed, I have never had the luck to see it happen. What I would really like to see would be the scene if a good lion or tiger was let into the arena instead of the bull. I know that the animal would soon have the arena, and probably the spectators' gallery, all to itself.

Boxing is a form of sport which always strongly appealed to me, and from the very day that I got beaten by a boy at school, I determined to learn the noble art of self-defence.

My earliest start at this was to go to all the big local fairs, where in those days there were

always booths of travelling boxers. Many of these men were retired professionals, or rising aspirants for honours in the ring. As a boy this was good training for rough fighting, but when I went to an Army crammer's at Hampton Court I had designs on competing in some of the big amateur competitions, and for this I knew good training was required. At that time the late Sir Oswald Mosley was also cramming at the same establishment.

Now amongst the many wild lads we had there, Waldie Mosley was one of the wildest, and was perpetually getting into trouble. But as I was very fond of him then, I was persistently helping him out of troubles. It was no uncommon thing for Mosley to go up to the Empire in London with other gay spirits, and engage in a battle royal with the chuckers out before one of the gala evenings like Boat Race night ended.

I shall never forget returning with him one evening from London after a particularly gay night. Not far from our crammer's was a house where two rather good-looking young ladies lived with their parents. As we passed this house Mosley said: "Oh, look there! Dear little Miss M—— is sleeping with her window open. I must say good-night to her."

Now the front part of the house was covered with a huge growth of ivy which ran right up to the eaves, and before I could stop him he was climbing up the ivy like a monkey. He had nearly reached the window, which was high up, when suddenly the rails holding the ivy gave way, and down came the whole mass of ivy from the front of the house. Nothing but the fact that the ivy curled up and wrapped itself around him saved Mosley from being killed on the spot. But he was only badly bruised, and finally a friendly Thames-side boatman whom we knew assisted me in carrying him to our crammer's. The next morning "the old man" or head of the establishment gave him a lecture and said: "I call it scandalous when one of my pupils is carried back here at 1 a.m., on the back of a seaman." (?)

Another occasion on which Mosley nearly ended his career was when he enraged another of our companions who was very hot-tempered. The latter seized a wood-chopper or small hatchet and pursued Mosley round the garden, where he ran close past me, followed by his pursuer. Seeing that something must be done to avoid bloodshed, as the pursuer passed I aimed a lucky blow which connected with

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his jaw, and he and the axe soon parted company.

Now about this time Waldie Mosley decided he was tired of getting licked by everyone, and that he would learn boxing. So together we pooled our resources and engaged the services of "Billy Reader," who was then the 9-stone champion of England, and was nicknamed "The Pocket Hercules." He devoted several hours per week to our education, and from those lessons we both profited considerably.

There was seldom a week went by then that did not produce one or more scraps between someone or other amongst the frequenters of the Thames-side in the vicinity of Molesey and Hampton Court Bridge. One of the local boatmen, a huge brawny fellow, considered himself a great bruiser, and the least drop of drink would make him pick up a quarrel with someone. One evening some of us were standing talking to him when he suddenly said: "Will anyone bet me half a crown I don't upset the next man off his bicycle who rides by?" The reply was in the affirmative.

Now the next man to pass happened to be a very small-looking individual, and it looked a

soft job for the bully, who deliberately pushed his stick into the wheel of the bicycle and upset the rider. Luckily he was going slowly and, jumping up from the ground, he came up to the bruiser and said : " Now what the hell do you mean by upsetting me like that ? " " Oh, because I wanted to see you fall off," was the reply. " Well," said the little man, " if you don't apologize and pay for any damage to my bike, I will give you the best hiding you ever had." The only answer to this was a roar of laughter from the bully. However, the little man insisted on adjourning the meeting to a quieter spot below the bridge, and taking off his coat he told the bully to do likewise. Well, the result of about three minutes of as fine a bit of boxing as we had ever seen was that the bully was lying on his back, with both eyes bunged up and covered with blood.

Finally, having ascertained that his opponent did not want any more of it, the little man, who had never been touched, put on his coat and hat, and as he went he said : " Well, sir, let that be a lesson to you : and the next time you want to upset a man, don't choose Jem Carney, the champion light-weight of the world. Good-day to you !"—and off he went.

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It was not very long after this that I was engaged in a big contest myself, within a few hundred yards of where this classic fight took place. Returning one evening along the towing-path, just after the first opening day of the new Hurst Park race-course, I saw a large crowd collected. Then I saw that a friend of mine from our crammer's was engaged in a very unequal contest with a stranger, and, as the fight had only just started, I stepped in and tried to stop it. Now there was a storm of protest from the onlookers, who had formed a ring and wanted to see the fight.

I knew nothing about the cause of the trouble, but I was sure it could not have been my friend, who was of a peaceful nature and not much good with his fists. So I pushed him out of the way and said to his opponent : "Here, if you want to hit a man, hit one who knows something about the game and have a go at me." He appeared satisfied with the change of opponents and we started. There was no time given or asked, but by the time my opponent said he had had enough I felt I could agree with him, because he could undoubtedly fight. I was not a little surprised afterwards, when we made

some kind of a truce and adjourned to Taggs Hotel for a drink, to be presented with my opponent's card ; as he was the boxing instructor of the Gymnasium at Wimbledon, I thought it lucky that, thanks to Billy Reader, I was in pretty good condition and training.

I remember about this time going to the fair at Kingston-on-Thames, and seeing a great big nigger boxing in the booth. He was, I believe, nicknamed " Bendigo," and I knew him well by sight in the various travelling boxing booths. On this occasion some inexperienced local boxer had caught " Mr. Bendigo " a lucky clip on the jaw, which made the latter see red ; and he set about his opponent in a shameful manner. I shouted out : " Give the man a chance ! That's disgraceful !"—upon which there was a chorus of shouts from the nigger and his mates to the effect that perhaps I would like to step into the ring and take some myself. That was a bit more than I could stand, and I shouted : " Yes, I will get into the ring, and I don't want to get out of it until you knock me out." This was good enough for the audience, who were all on my side. Well, I got into that ring, and I walked out of it again ; but Bendigo did not, as he had to be carried out.

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It is always useful to be able to take one's part in a row, and on several occasions I have found this an advantage. Once I remember helping a ship's captain clear his decks of a riot amongst the passengers, who were mostly drunken miners returning from their summer's work in Alaska. That was one of the sharpest general mêlées I ever took part in, and it was a case of hitting the first man you saw and before he hit you.

The last time I ever took part in a rough and tumble it was because I asked for trouble ; which was always contrary to my usual rule of keeping out of trouble as much as possible. However, one night I was standing in a London street, not far from my club, The Orleans, and saying good-bye to a friend with whom I had been dining. Near us we observed three noisy young men standing in a line across the pavement, and utterly refusing to make way for people passing. In consequence all of these had to step off the pavement and into the road, which was very muddy after rain. Finally I saw a lady passing alone, and she, after trying to pass these men in vain, had also to step off the pavement. This was a little more than I could stand and, after saying good-night to

my friend, I walked straight at the line of offenders and, as they never offered to make way, I just stooped down and charged into the middle of them, scattering the lot. On recovering their wind they shouted out to know what I was playing at. To which I replied : " I suppose you young cubs think you own the whole pavement, but you don't " ; —and I walked on. They shouted out something about showing me a rough house if I came back again, but I took no notice of them.

Now it was only about 200 yards to the steps of the club, and before I could get there I heard steps following me behind, and guessed my friends were following me, but never looked back. On reaching the steps of the club, and when I was half-way up them, I heard a rush of feet from behind, and a taxi-driver who was standing on the pavement shouted to me : " Look out behind you, sir." I turned quickly, and saw two members of the gang just mounting the steps, one with a big stick raised over his head. Coming down a step to meet them, I hit the gentleman with the stick first with my right, and got in a good second barrel at the other with my left. As I got one on the mouth,

and the other on the chin, and as they got the full benefit of my 15-stone weight coming downstairs, neither of them was interested in continuing the contest.

But I had forgotten the third man, and suddenly he appeared with a rush. I had only time to lower my shoulder and catch him in the chest. As he went backwards a policeman, who had been standing unobserved in the shadow of a neighbouring doorway, caught number three in his arms. Looking at him I said : "Where did you come from, and why didn't you show up before?" "Well, sir," he said, "I was there all the time, but as you seemed to be doing pretty well with the other two I didn't show up until this one appeared." As I knew he would want some explanations I said : "Well, come into the club when you like, and I will tell you what happened" ; and I left him to clean up the mess.

Soon afterwards he appeared and said to me : "Do you want to charge these men with assault, sir?" I asked what condition the first two men were in and he said : "Well, sir, one has got a beautiful gash in his face and will look well to-morrow." So I laughed and said : "Well, constable, I think they

would laugh at me to-morrow if I appeared in court with only a scratch on my nose, and charged a man with assault who has probably got half his teeth knocked out. No, I think you had better go back and tell those young bloods that next time they want to play those kind of games they had better be careful not to pitch on a man who has won a few contests in the ring." And that was the last I heard of the episode, except from our club night-porter, who witnessed some of the scene and I believe will never forget it.

On the many occasions in after years when I put on the "mits" I will not dwell, with one exception, and as this must have been amusing I will quote an extract from my book on Alaska to describe it.

On my return to Seattle, after a long trip in Alaska, I was entertained by Mr. Sam Hill, son-in-law of James Hill the railway magnate.

"After a great dinner, Mr. Hill announced that he had something special to show us, in the shape of two champion wrestlers whom he had brought over from Japan after great trouble and expense. Accordingly we adjourned to the University Club, where we received a royal welcome from a big crowd of members assembled there. Moving into a large room at the back of the club, we found it cleared for action, with thick carpets

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on the ground, and seats arranged for the audience. Mr. Hill had hoped to secure some American wrestlers to meet his men, but it appeared that a few nights before the only good men in Seattle had received such a shaking up at the hands of the Japs, that they were not 'looking for any more trouble.' Therefore, to open the proceedings, the two wrestlers gave an exhibition of their art, and very clever it was. They had devices of every kind to repel attacks from various assailants, and by means of an interpreter they explained how they could render each fall of their opponent fatal by breaking an arm or a leg.

"Failing to find a customer for his men, Mr. Hill urged me to go into the ring. My knowledge of wrestling is small, and knowing that I could make no show against the Japs at this game, I refused to try. But on the urgent appeals from the spectators to give them some kind of a show, I consented to enter the ring if I might be allowed to wear a pair of boxing gloves and try to keep the wrestler off by using them. This led to a tremendous amount of preliminary talking, carried on between the wrestlers and myself through the interpreter. Never having seen gloves used, they seemed to think they might be some kind of infernal machine, and were not content till I put them on and experimented lightly with them on their faces and bodies. I, on the other hand, feared lest they might lose their tempers if hit, and then closing with me should throw me in such a manner as to break a limb, as they had demonstrated that they could do with ease. However, the preliminaries were arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and we started at it, but not before I had stripped nude to the waist, as I observed that if once these men got a hold on a man's shirt or any other garment they threw him in a moment. I must confess

that I have never been 'up against' such a slippery customer as the little Jap who was pitted against me. To land him fairly on the head or body was impossible. He avoided punishment by every form of antic known to man or beast, falling backwards or forwards, and once even passing between my legs in a scrimmage, almost throwing me as he did so, and recovering his feet behind me in time to avoid a vicious back-handed swing. I tried everything, from straight punches to wild forms of windmill fighting, but he was too good for me, and once he had come to close quarters a certain fall for me was the result. Altogether it must have been rather a comical exhibition for the spectators, and judging by the laughter and applause, I fancy the show amused them. After taking three or four good tosses, I had had enough of it, having due regard to the fact that I had only an hour or so before just got through a particularly long and good dinner. After this, nothing would satisfy the members of the club except an adjournment to the smoking-room, where every member insisted on the guests taking a drink with each of them."

Amongst the many amateurs and professionals with whom I have boxed, no *bona fide* amateur ever impressed me so much as the Hon. R. Beresford, whose death occurred not long ago. Bob Beresford was one of those men who often appeared in the limelight, but curiously enough many people who knew him never knew that he was about the hardest hitter that ever stood up in a ring. I remember Charlie Mitchell saying that he hit like a horse kicking, and that in consequence

he was not very keen on having even a friendly contest with the Hon. Robert. For downright sheer pluck Bob Beresford was hard to beat, and here is my best story about him in the days when I knew him well.

Bob had a friend Mr. H——, and although he was often in trouble this man never liked facing the music when it came to a scrap. One day he was at the Criterion bar, and somehow had words with three men belonging to a well-known gang of race-course roughs. One of these men out of bravado had taken a drink which H—— had just paid for, and drank it under his nose. H—— then thought that discretion was the best part of valour, and left the bar meekly. But just as he was going out of the bar, who should appear but Bob Beresford. Going up to him H—— explained what had happened, and Bob said: "Come along and have another drink with me." Going up to the bar Beresford ordered two more drinks, and promptly one of the gang of roughs, who were still there, stretched out his hand and seized one of the drinks. Whereupon Bob with his open hand hit the man in the mouth and said: "Excuse me, that's my drink." Now by this time the gangsters thought they were up

against something tough, and they adjourned from the bar and went into the street.

By this time it was quite dark, and Bob, knowing the habits of the men he was dealing with, as they started to leave the bar said to his companion : " Now look out for trouble and keep close to me ; and hit the first man of that gang you see, as they are certain to be waiting for us outside." And sure enough on looking out of the door they saw the three men on either side of the doorway. Walking boldly out Bob met a rush of two men on each side of him. He felled them both with one blow, and the third one promptly vanished into the crowd. Looking behind him Bob saw his friend H—— peering cautiously round the pillar of the doorway until the trouble was over. Taking a step back to him he said : " Oh, you are there, are you, H——? Thanks awfully for helping me so much in your own row, and take that, damn you ! " Whereupon he gave his friend a clip under the ear which knocked him down, and off he went alone.

The celebrated boxer Ted Pritchard once told an amusing yarn against himself. He was at a race meeting at Kempton Park, when a certain well-known amateur rider, who is still alive, had ridden the favourite

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and been badly beaten in his race. Somehow, quite unjustly, the crowd thought the horse had been pulled, and feeling ran very high against the rider. There was an ugly crowd waiting outside the dressing-room when the rider emerged after changing out of his colours. Now the sportsman in question is far from a coward and could use his fists a bit, so he proceeded to walk boldly forward. Suddenly a man pushed his way through the crowd and rushed towards him. Thinking this was the opening of an attack on him, he hit the man as hard as he could on the head. The latter took no notice of the blow but shouted out : " Hold on, Mr. George, I am only coming to help you ! "—and the man was Ted Pritchard.

Twice in my life I thought I had discovered an embryonic champion of the world. I had a local Dorset man, named Lockyer, as a sparring partner when I was in training ; and as he stood 6 feet 2 inches in his socks and I was only 5 feet 9 inches, I had my hands full at times. I found him getting better and better as time went on, and although I had often knocked him flat, as he often did to me, he would never acknowledge he was beaten.

I used to go with him round all the local fairs, and clean up the professionals in the travelling booths. Finally I got Lockyer to take part in minor contests, all of which he won. He was a terrible hard hitter and one day, after a contest at Southampton, his opponent died. Lockyer never got over the effects of this and took to drink, which put an end to my hopes of a championship for him.

The last time I thought I had seen the makings of a real champion was when I was soldiering in Egypt during the war. I used to referee many of the boxing contests of the Australians in the expeditionary forces. One evening Captain Middleton, who had then just discovered Frank Goddard, brought him to one of these contests. Goddard announced that he would box any Australian on the spot. We arranged some short contests, and Goddard took on two or three men one after the other, giving them all more than they wanted. I remember saying that, if he could be trained to move quicker and to put up a better defence, it looked to me as if Goddard was good enough to beat any heavy-weight we had at home then. But although he did eventually beat some good men, when I saw

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him in London afterwards I changed my views about his ever being a world beater.

I have known and boxed with many of the best professionals in my time, and I have no hesitation in saying that the three finest fighters I ever saw, amongst the heavy-weights, were Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, and Sam Langford.

POLITICAL

AT one time I was rather fond of going on to the platform, and making what I should call a fighting speech to help my friends at election time. I can recall rather an amusing instance of this at the time Joe Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign was at its height. I had just landed at Southampton after a trip to North America, and received a wire asking me to speak the next night at Blandford in support of my friend Sir Randolph Baker, the Conservative candidate. So I turned up at the meeting, where I was informed that there was a lot of bitter feeling about, as the previous night two distinguished Liberal ministers had spoken in the same hall, and had bitterly attacked popular local landlords like Lord Portman and others in the locality. Many of the audience, whatever might have been their political views, resented these attacks which were untrue statements. In consequence the Liberal meeting had been broken up, and the two Ministers had to slip

out of the back door of the hall, and go through a cottage garden to get away safely in a car. In consequence I was told we might expect this meeting also to be broken up and the performances repeated. I also remember that Sir Henry—then Mr.—Page Croft was supposed to be the principal speaker ; but, although on the platform, he said to me that he was so hoarse from speaking in his own division that day that he could not make himself heard, and so if there were any necessity I must get up and say something.

Now the other leading speaker was holding forth on the merits of “ buying British goods,” and at one point he said : “ Now I and many of you can remember when the timber-yards of a place like Poole in our own county employed numbers of carpenters and others to make such things as doors and window-frames, etc. But, my friends, what do we see in Poole to-day ? Ready-made doors and windows coming in from abroad, and those carpenters standing about idle and out of a job.” Whereupon a man in the audience jumped up and shouted : “ Yes, and it be you and men like you what do buy they things. The working-men don’t buy them.”

Now on the face of it this was true, and

for the moment the speaker hesitated for an answer and the crowd began to boo. Things looked bad for a bit and I said to the speaker : "For heaven's sake sit down a minute and let me answer that man." This he did and, jumping up, I said : "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked to reply to the gentleman in the audience who interrupted the last speaker. Now before I do that I just want to say that I heard what happened here last night ; and although I may have to say a few things some of you won't like, I want you to understand that I came in by the front door, and, by Gad, I am going out again by the front door to-night." Then, turning to where the interrupter sat, I said : "Please stand up for a moment and answer me one question. What is your profession, and do you still say that you don't buy the produce of foreigners ? "

He stood up and said : "I be an agricultural carter, and I don't buy nothin' from the foreigners."

"Well, sir," I said, "now sit down and answer a few more questions. What is the first thing you do when you get up in the morning ? "

Answer : "Look at the time."

POLITICAL

“ Yes,” I said ; “ and I will bet ten to one that you see the time on a Waterbury or Ingersoll watch made in America, or a Swiss clock on your mantelpiece. And what do you do next ? ”

“ Put on my clothes.”

“ Yes, and well I know that they are ready-made articles, sewn together by sweated labour of Polish Jews in the slums of London, and on your feet you wear rawhide tanned boots made in America by a rapid process to undersell a better article made by your own countrymen in Nottingham. And what do you have for your breakfast ? ”

Here some other wag in the audience shouted out : “ Sausages.”

“ Well,” I replied, “ if he does he is lucky. But ten to one they are made from imported Chinese or Danish pigs ; and, more is the shame, he has probably got a pig in his back garden that he can’t sell at a profit. And if he turns up the plate from which he is eating, what will he see on the bottom ? ‘ Made in France.’ Now, sir, when you go out to your day’s work in the fields I know well what happens. You have your lunch in a rush basket, and probably that is the only English-made thing in your possession. But in that

basket what have you got? Bread made from American flour, and on it is spread some Danish butter. And what do you eat with this? Well, let me tell you that, in a county which produces the good old Blue Vinney of Dorset, you eat American Cheddar cheese. Now, sir," I questioned again, "when you come home what do you do?"

By this time the interrupter was getting a bit fed up, and his answer was, "Go to bed."

"Yes," I said, "and if you look at the chimney of the lamp which lights you to bed you will see on it 'Made in Austria.' Now finally, let me tell you that from the moment you are born, and fed from a glass bottle made in Bohemia, to the day you die, and are buried in a ready-made German coffin, every penny you earn by the sweat of your brow goes into the pocket of a foreigner, and you can't deny it!"

Nor did he. But after an excited scene and much shouting amongst the audience, I observed one man in the background waving his hat, and at last in a lull I heard him shout: "Ah! that's all very well, but we can't do without the foreigner to-day."

That was all I wanted, and shouting at him to stand where he was, I said: "Ladies and

gentlemen, there are several hundreds of my countrymen in this great hall to-night. Will you please turn and look at the man who says we can't do without the foreigner to-day." And when they looked at him, I said : " Sir, you are a disgrace to the great country which gave you birth, and a disgrace to the name of an Englishman. Sit down ! "—and turning to the audience I said : " Throw him out ! " And they did. But I walked out of the front door, and little did I think then that it would take the British working man nearly thirty years to realize the truth of the words I told them then.

I can't help adding that this was the last meeting of the Conservatives in that election, and I think it was the next day when Sir Randolph Baker was elected by, I believe, 19 votes majority. So I have always hoped I gained him some of those votes by that speech.

A MIXED GRILL

STRANGE CHARACTERS

ONE of the most amusing men I ever met was Hughie Drummond, who, in the palmy days of "The Pink'un," or *Sporting Times*, used to contribute to its columns under the *nom de plume* of "Hughie." For hours I have sat with him after dinner at a shooting party listening to his yarns. Of these I think the following is one of his best.

He said : "Once I came on to the platform at Waterloo just in time to catch my train to Guildford, and I could only see one vacant corner seat in a first-class carriage. On this was a small bag, and opposite to it sat a very stuffy old gentleman. I asked him politely if the seat with the bag on it was engaged, and he said that it was so.

"However, thinking the old blighter was bluffing me and seeing the train about to start and no one coming to that carriage, I got in, and sat on the vacant seat, taking the bag on my knees. At this the old gentleman became very irate and said : 'I thought I

told you that seat was engaged.' 'So you did,' I replied; and as the train was now moving I looked out of the window and added: 'but as your friend is not in sight I am afraid he has missed his train. But it's a pity he should lose his luggage as well, so here goes,'—and I threw the bag out on to the platform. The old blighter was dumbfounded, and had to telegraph back from Guildford to get his own bag; and it served him d——d well right for trying to bluff Hughie."

Another extraordinary character who often joined us at Harry Meux's shoots was the Marquis of Ailesbury, better known to his friends as Duffer Bruce; and the best yarn he told me against himself was this.

He had an uncle from whom he had great expectations in his young days. But this old peer was rather particular, and his nephew was careful not to let him know much about the pace at which he was living in those days. "But," he said, "one morning about 10.30 a.m. the old man called at my rooms in Jermyn Street, and of course I was still in bed. My valet, a new man then, answered the bell, and my uncle, giving his name, asked if I had gone out. The man replied: 'No, my lord; his lordship is still in bed.'

‘ What ! ’ said the old man, ‘ hasn’t he had breakfast yet ? ’ ‘ Beg pardon, my lord,’ said the fool of a man ; ‘ but his lordship don’t ’ave no breakfast. He’s generally sick about half-past eleven.’ And you bet,” said Ailesbury, “ my expectations from the old man fell to zero after that ! ”

Now of all the men I ever met there is one who stands out by himself as a raconteur and a sportsman of the finest quality. Unfortunately most of his yarns would not, I fear, pass the Press censor. This man was my old friend Major James Grant, of Glen-grant, Rothies. He was the owner of the distillery which made, and still makes, the finest whisky in the world ; and to all his friends he was always known as Glen, or Glengrant. He was the greatest exponent of the Spey cast with a rod on Speyside, and, although only a little man, he could fish all day with forty yards of line out of his reel, and many times I have measured it to see if it was possible. It was a sight to see him fishing, and even the professional gillies from the other banks would sit down and watch him in admiration.

His hospitality was unbounded, and, as he kept one of the finest cellars in Scotland, I have seen many hectic nights at Glengrant

when some of his old sporting pals with hard heads, like Walter Gordon Cumming, used to join us and spend a few days there for sport, etc. He thought nothing of drinking a bottle of whisky in a day's fishing, just to keep the cold out, when we were wading deep in the ice-covered waters of the Spey in March. When he was eighty, and still going strong, I asked him to what he attributed his great vitality, and his reply was, "Man, because I never drank bad whisky in my life but only Glengrant—when I could get it."

I shall never forget the first time I paid him a visit at Glengrant, some thirty years ago. He was alone in the house, and on my first day he insisted on taking me a drive up Speyside to lunch with Sir George Macpherson Grant at Ballindalloch. Glen had then just got a motor-car, and in this we set out to see the objects of interest on Speyside. The chauffeur's name was Gray, and we had not gone far before he was told to stop the car and out we got. Pointing to a hill some distance off, Glengrant said: "Man, do you see yon hill? There's where I killed my first stag when I was ten years old";—and, turning to the river he added: "Yon pool is where I caught my first salmon." At the

next stop we got out and looked at a fine pool, and he said : " Man, there's where Willie Menzies and I killed twelve salmon before lunch, and then went up in our waders and shot twenty brace of grouse on yon brae."

After going another mile or two he shouted at the driver : " Stop, Gray ! Stop, man ! "—and out we got again. It was obvious that we were to see something of importance here. At last he pointed to a dark spot far up on the hillside and said : " Can you see yon dark spot on the hill ? Well, that's the finest spring on Speyside, and there, man, I've drunk many a thousand dram of Glengrant,"—and I believed it.

One evening after dinner he asked me : " Did you ever meet Boggy Forbes of the Seaforth Highlanders ? "—and on my saying " No," he went on : " Well, he's a fine fellow and a fine sportsman. Not long ago I asked him over here to stay for the first time for the opening day at grouse. Now we had a lot of other younger men here, and, as they had done themselves pretty well at dinner, they began tailing off to bed from the billiard-room, until Boggy Forbes and I were the only two left. Of course we had all drunk our bottle of champagne at dinner and plenty

of port, but what those boys could not stand was Glengrant at 20 over proof after dinner.

“About 1 a.m., after I thought we had done pretty well, I said to Forbes: ‘Now, Colonel, I think it’s about time we went to bed. Is there anything more I can do for you?’ He said: ‘Grant, that was a fine port we had at dinner. What was it?’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘that was some of my ’87 and I don’t think it’s bad stuff.’ ‘Man,’ said he, ‘I think I could do with a drop more of that before we go to bed.’ At that, as my butler had gone to bed, I went down to the cellar myself, brought up and decanted another bottle, and we drank it before going upstairs. When I was showing him to his bedroom Boggy Forbes said to me: ‘Grant, what time do we start to-morrow?’ and I said: ‘I want to get off early about 8.30, as we have a long drive to the moor.’ Whereupon he produced his razor and strop, and said: ‘Then I’ll shave to-night.’” And Glen concluded: “By God, that’s a man, and they don’t breed ’em like that in these days!”

Glengrant was in his younger days a fine rifle shot, and used to compete at Wimbledon. In those days he was a captain in the Seaforth Highlanders Territorial Battalion. It

was the custom during the Queen's Prize meeting at Wimbledon that the names and places from which they came were put on a board outside each officer's tent. One Sunday, when he was sitting in his tent and hundreds of civilian sightseers were walking round the camp, Glengrant overheard the following conversation outside.

First Sightseer (reading from the notice board outside the tent). Captain J. Grant of Craig—ella—chie, Craigellachie.

Second Sightseer. Oh, come on, Bill ; he's a bloody German !

One of Glengrant's favourite stories was this : There was near his home at Rothies a big farmer, who went in for breeding prize Angus cattle. This man died and left his farm, etc., to his widow. This good lady preferred to employ women instead of men in her dairy, and took on a staff of women. Now after a time, owing to lack of proper attention and management, the calves were born late in the season, and in consequence they failed to win prizes at all the local shows as the late owner had done. So one day the widow sent for her head dairywoman and said : "Jessie, I can't think why it is, but this year we have won no prizes at Elgin, etc.,

with our calves. What is the reason of it, and can't you arrange matters better so that the calves are not so late?" To which the woman replied: "Ah weel, you see, mum, coos is nae the same as you, and me, and hens, that can do it at any time." Now I like this story because of the good woman's politeness in putting her mistress before herself and hens.

It was not long ago that dear old Glengrant passed over the Great Divide, to the Happy Hunting-grounds where I hope we may meet again some day. But he was game to the last, and when he lay dying and the nurse was propping him up in bed, she said to him: "Now cheer up, Major Grant, and when the weather gets warmer you will soon feel better." Turning to his wife, who was there, he said: "Damn the woman, she thinks I am a blasted tulip!"

Most of us know the high reputation of the late Lord Dewar as a humorist. I knew him very well, but I never realized how thoughtful he was of others until the following incident happened to me. During the war, after more than two years' absence, I returned home for ten days' leave. To my horror on arrival my butler informed me that in my

absence the cellar had been drunk dry by visitors. My wine merchant was only allowed by that dear old lady D.O.R.A. to supply me with half as much whisky as I had ordered in the previous year, and, as this was of course nil, I looked forward to spending a dry holiday. However, the next morning a wire arrived from Tommy Dewar saying : " Heard in the club to-day you have a dry house. Wire my secretary to send what you want from my private stock of whisky." Needless to say, I availed myself of a few bottles of Dewar's very best.

I was sitting one day with Dewar in the bar of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. Opposite to us was a lady of uncertain age, with a very fat pair of badly-shaped legs, which was fully displayed owing to the vile short skirts which were then in vogue, and which not one woman in a thousand could afford to wear on account of her legs. Pointing to this particular lady I said : " Can you tell me how a woman with legs like those has the nerve to wear short skirts ? " Instantly he replied : " Ah, my dear fellow, you forget how often the fatted calf has ruined a prodigal son."

He was very amused then at an episode which had just occurred. Sir Harry Lauder greatly admired some valuable carrier pigeons

which he saw at Dewar's home. The latter said : " Well, if you like them I will give you half a dozen now." This he did, and Harry Lauder was told not to let the birds out for a week. Of course when he did so the birds flew straight back to their old home at once, and were shortly followed by a letter to Dewar in which Lauder said : " Alas, this is but another instance of one man's generosity to a brother Scot ! "

Now Glengrant's story of Angus cattle reminds me of three others which deal with morals in England and Scotland. Some years ago I rented an estate in a part of the British Isles where, like in all northern climes, the code of morals is sometimes elastic. At a certain village many years ago there had been an unusual number of children born out of wedlock, and the minister of that village became so incensed at these events that he decided to address his congregation on the subject one Sunday. So after enlarging on the misdemeanours of his flock he concluded by saying : " The birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the beasts of the field have their seasons ; but there is nae season for the lassies of X——."

About the same time I had a great friend who owned a fine place in the South of Scotland. He was a bachelor, and his unmarried sister kept house for him. This good lady took a great interest in the welfare of the villagers on the estate, but was somewhat Puritanical in her views. One day a woman from the village arrived at the castle, and asked this good lady if she could find a situation in the house for her son as a page-boy. Rather surprised at this request the lady said: "Your son, Mary! Why, I never knew you were married." "Ah weel, mum, and neether am I; but I canna say that I've been altogether neglected," was the reply, which reply nearly caused my friend's sister to have a fit.

The other episode happened years ago, when I was talking to a worthy old woman in my own village. She said: "Well, there now, sir, have you heard about Tom L——'s darter: she have just had a youngster. And 'tain't right, you know, the way these here soldiers get bold with the maids about here now, and thic wench bain't sixteen year old yet." And after a moment's pause she added: "There, there, I met wi' a misfartune myself just the same as she when I were her age." So there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

ODD EPISODES AND YARNS

IN 1910 I made two very strenuous trips : the first up and across the Rocky Mountains in North America, and the second right across the island of Newfoundland from west to east. Incidentally in the latter trip we got frozen up and nearly starved to death as it was winter ; but that is all in a day's work for a big-game hunter.

On the first of these trips I was accompanied by an old timer named Hank Smith, who acted as guide. Hank was a tough nut and crammed full of quaint ideas and sayings. Travelling, even with a pack train of good horses, over the roughest part of the Rockies, where there are no trails, is no sinecure. It is not pleasant work skirting the edge of a precipice and dragging horses behind you ; expecting every moment that one or other will miss a foothold and be hurled several thousand feet to destruction.

One thing which makes life interesting is the great uncertainty as to how and when we

are going to end it, and this often occurs in moments of great danger. Curiously enough it has not been at the moment of facing a danger that I have felt most fear, but rather afterwards when I have thought over what might have happened. Presumably a man sentenced to be hanged has solved the problem as regards the uncertainty of his end ; but it is doubtful if he rejoices in having this advantage over his friends.

One day when we were out after mountain sheep, and at a great altitude, I came to a place which looked impassable. In front of me loomed a great rock some 20 feet high, and beyond it there seemed to be nothing but space below, and sheer rock on one side. Telling Hank to climb the rock and see if we could go further, I waited for his report. From the top I saw him look first upwards and then downwards, then he shouted : " Gee, it's as long as a July day straight up, and there's an inch and a half between me and hell down below ! I guess, Cap, we'd best quit this here trail ! "

During a part of this trip we tried to get over some distance in a motor-car, and after crossing some of the roughest possible country with no signs of a road, I said : " It's not fair

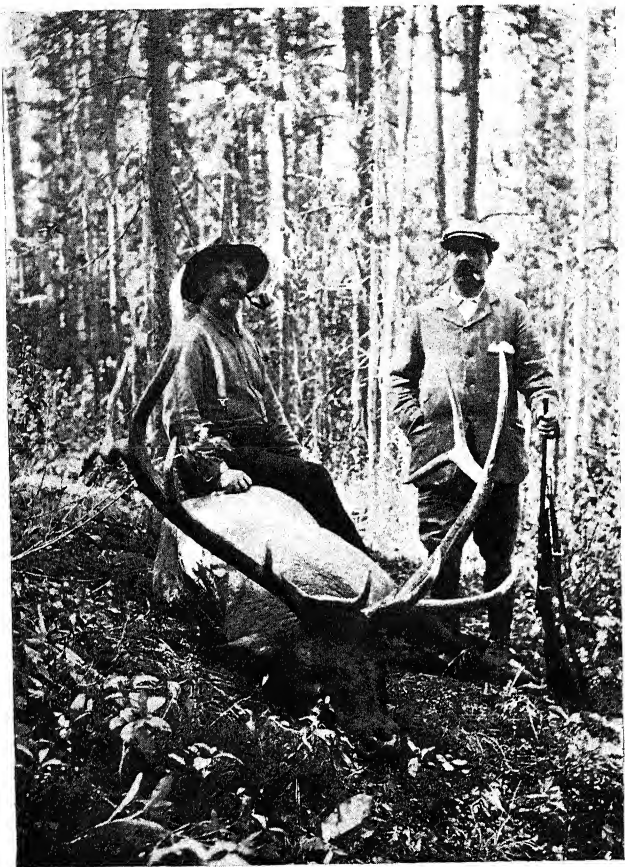
to expect any car in the world to go over these rocks, etc." To which Hank replied : " Oh, hell ! I guess a Ford car and a goat can go most anywhere."

We finally came down the Soshone River and on to the plains near Cody, where I paid a visit to the celebrated Colonel Cody's ranch. On reaching the town of Cody, Hank met a number of old friends, and one of them proceeded to describe to us a recent incident in the town, which everyone, except one of the performers, considered a screaming good joke. Our informant said : " Say, Hank, heard what happened here to old Buffalo Jones ? "

" No."

" Wal, I guess you know that tough boy, young Joe Stevens. He had just bought himself a little 22 rifle, and was sitting right here in front of the saloon when old Buffalo comes walking up the street. Now Joe kinder wants to try that new rifle, and lets off a shot which hit Buffalo in the rump. Well, we laughed fit to bust ourselves to see the old sourdough fall down, and then up-end himself d——d quick, and begin to holler blue murder and cussin' to beat the band."

Hank said : " Well, and what happened about it ? "



WITH HANK SMITH AND A GOOD WAPITI IN THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS

DECLINE OF THE TOUGH OLD DAYS

“Wal, the boy said he hadn’t meant to hurt the old timer, but just wanted to see him jump around some. But they arrested him and he was charged with attempted murder. But you bet the kid wouldn’t stand for that, so they just brought it in a case of or’nary assault.”

The real tough old times amongst the cow-punchers and miners have probably passed for ever, and if you want to see shooting up the town now you must go to Chicago, or even New York at times. But I can well remember in a tough mining town in Alaska seeing a man carried out feet foremost from a saloon, and innocently asked what had happened to him ; only to be told : “Wal, I guess he wasn’t quite so quick at drawing his gun as the other fellow. That’s all there was to it.” On another occasion I found it safer to sleep in the open, than in a bedroom over a saloon, where the patrons of the bar below, to cheer things up a bit, began to fire their revolvers through the ceiling above, quite regardless of the feelings of visitors sleeping overhead.

It is not often that one is asked to be second in a duel. But this once happened to me. I was travelling by train in Hungary with

Prince Zoard Odescalchi, who was the finest rifle and pistol shot I ever saw. He could hit with a rifle time after time pennies thrown into the air, and I have seen him shoot the ash off a cigar at twenty paces while his falconer held the cigar in his mouth. The latter, by the way, being the English falconer, Best, whom I trained and sent out to Hungary. Odescalchi was also one of the best swordsmen in Hungary, and had killed one or more men in duels. Altogether he was not a nice man to be up against.

On this particular journey, when we got into a carriage Odescalchi shut the sliding glass door, and turned the bolt which could only be opened from the outside with a special key. At another station a man got into the train and, coming to our compartment, tried the door : but finding it locked he hammered on the window for us to open it. Odescalchi just looked once and, turning his back on the door, said : " Don't move, and don't take any notice of that fellow."

Shortly afterwards the man returned with the guard, who unlocked the door and let him into the carriage. He sat down and then said to Odescalchi : " Did you see me trying to get into this carriage just now ? "

AN INVITATION TO A DUEL

"Certainly I saw you," he said.

"Then why did you not open the door?"

"Sir," said Odescalchi, with his eyes blazing, "do you think I am your servant? I would never open a door for any man who was a swine like you."

The other went first red and then white, and, without saying another word, got up and left the carriage.

Then I said: "This is a bit hot, and what's going to be the end of it?"

"Well," he replied, "I know that man and he is a swine; but I never thought he would give me the opportunity of telling him so. Now, of course, he will have to fight and I shall certainly kill him; and you, of course, will be my second."

"Well," I said, "I don't mind if I am if the man is a swine; but suppose he does not fight?"

"Oh well," he replied, "if he does not fight, I shall tell everyone in the clubs of this episode, and he will be fired out of the lot."

He afterwards told me his reasons for wishing to kill the man, and I quite agreed with him. But the duel never came off, as the other man apparently decided he would sooner

be turned out of his clubs than risk almost certain death.

My cousin, the late Major Percy Radclyffe, was for many years game warden and chief forest ranger for the Maharajah of Kashmir. He had a wonderful head man, named Achmed, whose only thought was for his master's comforts. In the camp outfit was a collection of aluminium cooking-pots, fitting into each other, which were the pride of the cook's heart. One day the coolie, whose special job it was to carry these cooking-pots, missed his footing and fell headlong over the cliff, but luckily ended in a snowdrift below which saved his life. Achmed immediately brought up the head cook, who salaamed and said : "Sahib, doubtless you saw that son of a dog fall over the cliff." To which his master replied : "Oh, yes, I saw it and hope the man is not killed." "Oh, sahib, I don't know what happened to that son of a dog ; but my heart went bad for the cooking-pots of the father of the poor when I saw them go over the cliff."

One day my cousin heard that some ladies in Srinagar had picked some fine mushrooms and, being very fond of them, he sent Achmed

to find some. He returned later with a basketful and showed them to his master, who said :

“ Are you sure those are good to eat ? ”

“ Oh yes, sahib.”

“ How do you know that ? ”

“ Because last year I picked a lot for a mem-sahib, and she said they were very good.” But suddenly, with a doubtful air, he added : “ Pardon, sahib ! I forgot that a dog and a woman will eat anything, and perhaps these may not be good for the father of the poor.”

For real humour you cannot beat the Americans at their best, and it has been on my many trips across the American continent that I have seen and heard the most amusing things.

In the first early rush to the Klondike my old friend, Captain A. Stracey, thought he would speculate by running a cargo of stores up the Yukon, from its mouth in the Behring Sea. Consequently he chartered an antiquated old stern wheeler, and a tug to tow her, and started off from Vancouver on a long and perilous trip. Anyone who knows those coasts, and the Behring Sea in particular, will tell you it takes a good boat to get anywhere ; and in the various trips I have

made along those dangerous coasts, I never saw a calm voyage yet.

Imagine an old stern wheeler, full of stores, being towed by a tug in a Behring Sea gale. When the ship rolled the stove in the galley broke loose and half-killed the cook ; stray hams and other objects suspended from the roof of the saloon broke adrift, and with every kind of article of barter and sale rolling all over the decks, the whole trip was a nightmare.

On arrival at Fort Michael, the port at the Yukon mouth, Stracey found several other boats before him, all waiting to go up the river ; and as the first boat up would get the best prices, everyone was striving to get the custom-house officer to clear their ships through the customs. Unfortunately that worthy official had been on the rampage for some time, and was decidedly drunk when Stracey eventually found him. In reply to the query *re* when he could overhaul Stracey's cargo, and give the necessary clearance papers, the worthy official waved his arm around and, pointing to the other vessels lying in the bay, said : " Can't you see there are lots more fellows in front of you waiting for the same job, and I'm too busy to 'tend to you." To

which Stracey replied : “ Oh, hell ! how much ? ”

Instantly the polite officer said : “ Well, sir, when one gentleman talks to another gentleman like that, it’s just a hundred dollars, *and* the usual fees.”

“ Go right ahead,” said Stracey ; and his was the first ship cleared and up the river.

The following yarn was told some years ago of a certain club in New York where I have been hospitably entertained by the members. There was a certain member, whom we will call Mr. Brown, and he had a constant habit of saying to everything you told him : “ Oh, it might have been worse ! ” One morning three or four early members were talking in the club and one said : “ Say, you fellows, have you heard what happened to Bob Evans last night ? He went home and found a man in bed with his wife, and he shot them both.” “ Gee, that will be something to tell old Brown when he comes into the club, as he is a great friend of Bob Evans ; and for once in his life he can’t say ‘ It might have been worse.’ ”

Shortly afterwards Brown appeared, and going up to him they said : “ Have you heard

that your friend Bob Evans went home last night, and found a man in his wife's bedroom and shot the two of them ? ”

“ Oh well,” replied Brown, “ it might have been worse ! ”

“ Good God, man, what could have been worse than that ? ”

“ Oh well,” said Brown, “ if it had been the night before it would have been me ; that's all ! ”

Although I can still recall many amusing things, it is about time I brought these memories to a close ; but I cannot resist quoting two yarns from my book on *Big Game Shooting in Alaska* which, as it appealed to only a limited circle of readers, has not been seen by many people. Here then is a mosquito yarn which I heard in a saloon at Sand Point, on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

“ Two local skippers of some small fishing vessels, who were both notorious for talking big, were present one evening in the local store. One champion liar was holding forth to an admiring crowd on the subject of mosquitoes.

“ ‘ Yes, gentlemen, those darned mosquitoes are pretty thick round about this neighbourhood. Why, not long ago we was lying off the shore and was just hoisting sails on my schooner. We got up the main-

MOSQUITOES AND A DOG STORY

sail and the foresail, and was just fixing up the topsail when by comes a cloud of them mosquitoes and carries the topsail clean away, and we h'ant seen it since.'

"A look of admiration crossed the face of skipper No. 2; but, without turning a hair, he addressed the speaker, saying, 'Pardon me, captain, but could you say about where, and what date that happened?'

"Nothing daunted, the other promptly replied, 'Wal, I should say we were 55° N. by 162° W. near about noon on June 27.' Whereupon skipper No. 2 nobly rose to the occasion, and turning to the audience remarked, 'Say, now, gents, that's right down queer, but I guess I can corroborate this gentleman's statement. On the very date in question I was lying off the coast about twenty-five miles to leeward of that identical spot, and a cloud of mosquitoes passed my schooner about 2 p.m., and every one of the darned brutes had on a canvas jacket.'"

Next we come to a dog story which I think takes some beating, and I got it from the proprietor of a saloon in Seattle.

"'Yes, sir, we see some queer cusses right here in Seattle. A little time back a man came down here from Alaska. He didn't have nothing 'cepting a Malamut sleigh-dog along with him. He'd come from somewhere way back in the Yukon, and was just about dead broke, and you bet he looked real wild and woolly. Feelin' as how he kinder wanted a drink, he walks into my saloon and orders one. Now, sir, this man was a ventriloquist, and pretty smart at the job too. The bar-keeper was sorter fond of dorgs, and seeing this one, says to the man, "Say, that is a niceish dorg you've got there." The man says, "I guess that's so."

ODD EPISODES AND YARNS

The barman said, "If you want to sell him I will give you \$25 for him." "No," says the man, "I can't sell that dorg; he is all I've got in the world, and he can talk." "How's that?" says the barman. The man he takes a ham sandwich and eats it, then he takes another and says to his dorg, "Would you like a ham sandwich?" The dorg looks up and says, "Yes, please." The barman he looks scared at that, and leans over the counter to look at the dorg, saying, "I guess I'll give \$50 for that dorg." "No," says the man, "I can't sell him." Just then the dorg looks at the sandwich plate and says, "Give me another, please." By that time the barman was just dead stuck on gettin' that dorg. "Say, now, I'll give \$75 for that dorg." "Wal, now, that's a pile of money," says the man, "and I guess that would pay my way down to 'Frisco." "It would so, and more too," says the barman. "Make it \$100," says the man, "and the dorg goes." "All right," says the barman, "\$100 goes, and what shall I do with the dorg?" "Why, come right along and take him now," says the man. Wal, sir, the barman he puts a rope round the dorg's neck and starts a-leadin' of him away. The dorg he kinder hangs back, and looks at his master, and then says, "Did you sell me?" The barman looks at the dorg pretty queer like. The man said, "Yes, old dorg, I sold you." The dorg says, "Did you sell me because I talked?" The man says, "Yes, old dorg." The dorg says, "Darn it all, I'll never speak again,"—and the narrator added, "By Gad, sir, the blasted thing never did, and if you don't believe me, you can see the darned dog right there behind the counter now."

The following yarn was told me in Wall Street, New York.

There they have a number of bars which are known as quick lunch counters, where in the busy hours men come in at one door, put down a dollar, and get a drink for it. Then they pass along in a queue, helping themselves to such light refreshments as sandwiches, biscuits, cheese, etc., which they take from the counter ; and finally, depositing their empty glass at the end of the bar, they pass out by another door.

Now at one particular bar there was a regular customer of the kind known as a "cadger." His custom was to enter with a crowd, evading the bar-tender who served out drinks and, picking up an empty glass, he would go along the bar getting a free lunch without paying for his drink. It was not long before the head barman got wise to his tricks, and one day he prepared a surprise for him. Getting the oldest and most highly smelling Limberger cheese he could find, the barman wrapped it round with a smart cloth, and decorated it round with parsley. When any paying customer asked what it was, the barman said : "I can't recommend you that cheese, sir ; it's not a good one."

At last his intended victim slipped in as usual. Pushing the cheese forward in a con-

spicuous place, the barman waited. Very soon the cadger came up and spotted the new cheese, and said : "What have you got there?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "that's an elegant new cheese just in, and I guess you'd like a bit of it." Whereupon the cadger took a biscuit and, digging out a big lump with the cheese scoop, put it in his mouth. In one second he spat out his mouthful on the floor and, rubbing his mouth with the back of his hand, said : "Say, what's that, anyway?" To which the bar-tender replied : "Well, sir, if you want to know, that's a little bit of manure on purpose for you." Quick came the retort : "Yaas, I know all about that, but what in the hell have you been puttin' with it?"

My grandfather had a great friend named Captain Wardle, who was often a member of our house parties. Wardle was a great humorist and had the gift of making up rhymes about almost any subject on the spur of the moment, and being a dashing cavalry officer, he was a great squire of dames. On the occasion of a shooting party at my home, Wardle was a guest, and also a certain Mr. Hughes and his very pretty wife. These three people

met for the first time one evening just before dinner, and during dinner Wardle sat next to Mrs. Hughes, who absolutely captivated him with her beauty, etc.

Late in the evening, when the men were taking a last drink in the smoking room, Mr. Hughes came up to Wardle and said, "Captain Wardle, I hear you can make up wonderful rhymes in a moment about anything, and I should much like to hear one of them." "Certainly," replied Wardle. "Give me a word and I will make you a rhyme." "Well," said Hughes, "take my name and give us a rhyme about it." At this Wardle started to laugh and said, "Unfortunately, Mr. Hughes, I can only think of one rhyme in your case, and I am afraid you might not like it, so we had better try another word." "Oh, nonsense," the latter replied. "I don't mind anything, and I am sure the others here feel the same." "Very well," said Wardle. "If you will have it, here goes."

My dear Mr. Hughes,
You pray must excuse
The rhyme which comes into my head ;
But were I in your shoes,
I would hug Mrs. Hughes
The instant I got into bed.

Many years previous to this episode when quartered with his regiment at Dorchester, Wardle attended a function given by the Mayor of the town in honour of Mr. Pitt, to celebrate the occasion of that great statesman's birthday. To explain what happened I may say that the officers present were in uniform and wearing their swords, whilst just behind where Wardle was sitting there reposed a large plaster cast head and shoulders of Mr. Pitt. Doubtless Wardle had been doing himself very well as regards drinks at the expense of the Mayor and Corporation. Anyhow, when the Mayor arose at the end of lunch and proposed the toast of the day, "The Health of Mr. Pitt," Wardle jumped to his feet, drew his sword, and pointing to the statue of Mr. Pitt shouted, "What, gentlemen, are we to drink the health of a d——d fellow who put the tax on tobacco? No, never," and with one stroke of his sword he cut the head off the statue.

And now, as all good things should come to a good end, I will repeat what I consider to be the best story in the world. This was told me in Roumania, amongst some old Roumanian folk-lore tales. I believe it has

appeared in print on the Continent, but I never saw it written anywhere. However, if it is a chestnut, I plead forgiveness.

There was once a powerful ruling prince in one of the European states, and he took a great interest in the welfare of his subjects, often riding miles on horseback to different places. It was reported to him that the Monastery of St. Garth in his dominions was presided over by a dissolute and ignorant abbot. So one day the Prince rode up to this monastery and demanded to see the Abbot. When the latter appeared, the Prince said :

“ Sir Abbot, you are reported to me as being dissolute and ignorant, and utterly unfit for your job. What have you to say to this ? ”

“ Your Highness,” replied the Abbot, “ that is untrue ; for I am both a holy and a learned man.”

“ Very well,” replied the ruler, “ we will see how clever you are. I will set you three questions to answer, and give you one month in which to do so. When that month is up, come to my palace and give me the answers. Here are my three questions :

1. What am I worth, i.e. what is my personal value ?

2. How long will it take me to go round the world ?

3. What do I believe which is not true ?"—and away rode the Prince.

Now the Abbot pondered over these three questions for days, and was quite unable to think of an answer to any of them. One day he was wandering on the hillside in a very dejected manner, still worried about these questions, when he met a shepherd tending some of his flock. Now it happened that this shepherd was a very clever man, and seeing his master in distress he said : " Master, what aileth thee ? " To which the Abbot replied : " Our Prince has been here and set me three questions to answer, and I have only another ten days left, and as yet I do not know the answer to one of them."

The shepherd asked : " What are those questions ?"—and on being told the three questions he said : " Well, master, I can answer all those questions."

" Good," said the Abbot ; " tell me the answers, and I will give them to the Prince."

" Oh, no, I can only answer them in person to the Prince," replied the shepherd.

" But how can you do this ? " queried the Abbot.

“ Well, master, if you dressed me up in your robes and shaved my head, as we are something alike, if I appeared at the court, perhaps His Highness, who has only seen you once, might not recognize the difference between us.”—So the Abbot decided to try this dodge as a last resource, and the shepherd, duly shaved and dressed as an abbot, proceeded to the Prince’s court.

On arrival at court he announced that the Abbot had come to answer the Prince’s questions, and he was ushered into the ruler’s presence. On seeing him the Prince did not recognize the difference between the two men, and said to him : “ So you have come, Sir Abbot, to answer my questions.”

“ That is so, my liege,” replied the shepherd.

“ Well then,” said the Prince, “ what is the answer to my first question : ‘ What is my personal value ? ’ ”

“ Sire, your personal value I put at sixpence.”

“ Why, you rascally abbot, do you only value me, your prince, at only sixpence ? ” asked the ruler.

“ Because, your Highness, our Saviour Christ was sold for sevenpence ; and I put your value at only one penny less than this, as I

do not think any human being should be priced as high as Christ."

"Ah," said the Prince, "that is a good answer and I pass it. But now : How long will it take me to go round the world ? "

"Sire, *if* you rise with the rising sun, and *if* you never lose sight of it, it will take you exactly twenty-four hours."

"Indeed," said the Prince, "that is a good answer ; but verily the man who invented the word *if* could make bricks out of straw. But still, I will pass that answer, because now I have got you, my friend. What do I believe which is not true ? "

"Sire," replied the shepherd, "that is the simplest thing of all. You believe that I am the Abbot of St. Garth, but I am not ; I am only his shepherd."

"Then," said the Prince, "by God, you are a clever man, and I will make you the Abbot."

And he did so.

